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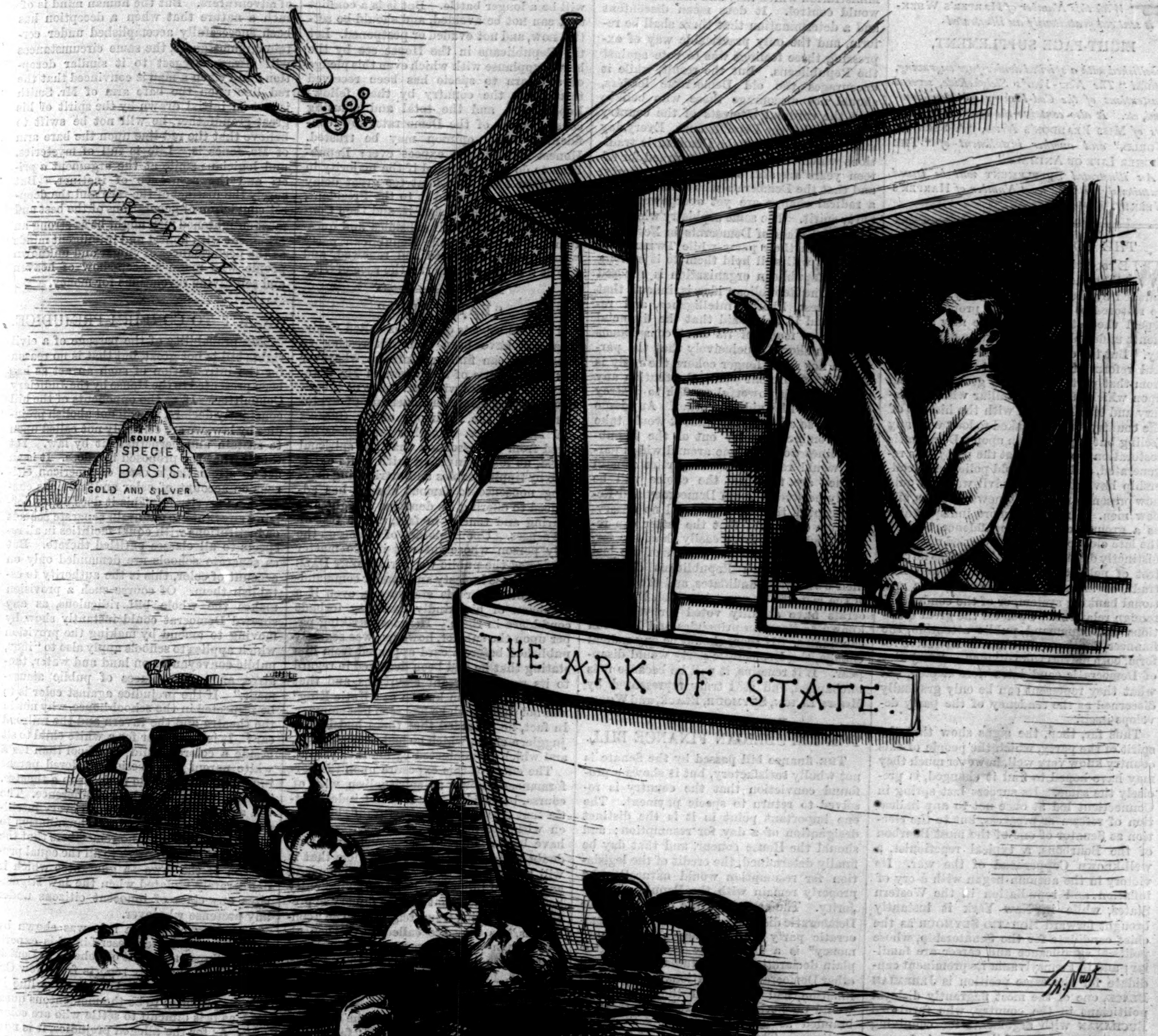
OUR CREDIT
SOUND SPECIE BASIS GOLD AND SILVER
THE ARK OF STATE.
INFLATION
Th. Nast

"TO THIS WE SHOULD RETURN WITH THE LEAST PRACTICABLE DELAY."—U. S. GRANT.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1875.

☞ A beautiful four-page SUPPLEMENT, containing two splendid engravings, "The Betrothal" and "Wrothmoney," and a powerful illustrated story, "MEERSCHAUM," by the popular author, HENRY KINGSLEY, will be issued with HARPER'S BAZAR for January 16.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an illustrated*

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

embellished with a spirited double-page engraving, entitled "The New-Year's Sleigh-Ride, several illustrations of the Cod-Fishery off Newfoundland, etc. It also contains the concluding chapters of MISS BRADDON'S *Novel,* "A STRANGE WORLD," *and another installment of* "THE HIGHER LIFE OF ANIMALS."

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE BOURBON REACTION.

WE recently called attention to the fact that the chief sign of a policy to be pursued by the Democratic party, should it be restored to power, is the proposition to repeal the acts enforcing the new amendments under plea of their unconstitutionality. But the evidence accumulates that no real reform or progress is to be expected from that party. The only ground, indeed, upon which any man familiar with its history and tendency, and with the history of the country, could be asked to look with any feeling but apprehension upon a Democratic restoration would be that the party was regenerated, and that its old policy and leadership having ended in civil war, it would now present a new spirit, new measures, and new men. This is the more indispensable as a ground of public confidence because the late elections were not carried upon any distinctly defined issues. There was no contest of policies, as of protection and free trade, of internal improvements, of a national banking system, or of the conduct of foreign relations. Upon all the great questions that command public attention, the finances, Southern affairs, administrative reform, both parties were divided. A majority of Democratic candidates were elected, but what they represent can be only gradually discerned as the tendency of the party develops itself.

Thus far, then, the signs show that the spirit of the party, which the people of this country know very well, however much they may have hoped to find it changed, is precisely the same. Its success last spring in Connecticut led at once not to any indication of reform or progress, but to the election as Senator of one of the most Bourbon of the Bourbons, a typical reactionist, a well-known Copperhead of the war. Its victory in the autumn began with a cry of inflation and repudiation in the Western States, while in New York it instantly brought forward **HORATIO SEYMOUR** as the chief candidate for the Senatorship, whose political significance and career are familiar; and in Pennsylvania its prominent candidate for the same position is **JEREMIAH BLACK**, one of the most flagrantly disloyal politicians in the country, who furnished **BUCHANAN** with arguments for conniving at secession. Meanwhile the same success makes **FERNANDO WOOD** the most conspicuous Democratic candidate for Speaker of the next House of Representatives, a fact which of itself is significant of the situation. **FERNANDO WOOD** is one of the most notorious of public men. In pursuit of the Speakership he is said to have recently issued cards for a reception at his house in Washington with the motto, "Justice is slow, but sure." But in a certain case, if we remember correctly, Justice was so slow as not to be sure, and, arriving late, was barred by the statute of limitations.

We have already alluded to the Democratic jubilee in Philadelphia at which the Constitution was declared to be "a grant by sovereign States," and the government of the United States to be "an agent" of the people of the States. This is the old Virginia and Kentucky doctrine which the people have rejected at the point of the bayonet. And scarcely have the Pennsylvania Democrats ceased to cheer this proclamation of the sovereignty of the States than a Democratic organ informs us that the sovereignty of the States is not an orthodox doctrine. But a body of Pennsylvania Democrats may assume to speak for their party with quite as much right as a New York newspaper, just as the Democratic Conventions of Indiana and Ohio, may claim to declare true Democratic doctrine as authoritatively as the Democratic Convention of New York. The contradiction merely shows the confusion of the party, while experience has always shown that its better impulse yields to the worse.

Mr. COX is reported to have said in an interview, "Our party is not wholly ours." Had he said, Our victory is not wholly ours, he would have spoken more truly. The victory does not mean that the honest and intelligent people who saved the Union, abolished slavery, and amended the Constitution agree with Messrs. **EATON** and **SEYMOUR** and **WOOD** and **BLACK**, or wish an Administration which they and their associates would control. It does mean discontent and a determination that there shall be reform, and the only practicable way of expressing these feelings was to vote against the Republicans. But the result, while it encourages the old Democratic leaders, should not discourage those who believe that the cardinal interests of the country are safer with the Republicans. Every day makes it plainer that the Democratic traditions which the country has spurned for fifteen years are still supreme in the party, and that the Democrats who would fain see a radical change are yet overpowered by party spirit. The same sophistry which led the better class of Democrats in New York to act with their party while **TWEED** controlled it will still hold them to it so long as the Republican organization is opposed to it. The Republican idea is, indeed, that of progress, liberty, intelligence, and reform; and if it be said that the financial position of many of its most conspicuous members shows conclusively that the party can not much longer cohere, the reply is that in the present political situation any cause which is powerful enough to destroy one party will divide the other. Any issue which is so commanding that it would take any prominent leader out of the Republican lines would be one around which parties would reorganize. If parties remain as they are, therefore, the choice will be simply between the old Democracy and Republicanism that we know, and no observing man can doubt that the latter can reform itself much more easily than the former. The proof is the history of the last election, in which Republicans defeated their own party candidates, and the history of the last fifteen years, in which the Democrats have steadily voted for what are known as Bourbon principles and Bourbon candidates. If there should be any radical change, the Democratic party would disappear. If it remains, it will be because it is unchanged, and still truly represented by Messrs. **EATON**, **SEYMOUR**, **BLACK**, and **WOOD**.

THE REPUBLICAN FINANCE BILL.

THE finance bill passed by the Senate is not wholly satisfactory, but it shows a profound conviction that the country is resolved to return to specie payment. The one important point in it is the distinct designation of a day for resumption; and should the House concur, and that day be finally determined, the credit of the legislation for resumption would naturally and properly remain with the Republican majority. The comedy of the occasion is the Democratic dismay. That part of the Democratic party which assumes that "hard money" is a Democratic cry, despite the plain declaration of the Indiana, Ohio, and other Democratic conventions for paper and inflation, had hoped that the Republicans would do nothing, so that they might be branded as inflationists and soft money partisans. The prompt action of the dominant party ludicrously confused this faction of the opposition. And it is an admirable illustration of the sincerity of the Democratic demand for "hard money" that, although the bill fixes a day for resumption, every Democratic Senator but one voted against it. The essential consideration is the conviction of the country that the pledge will not be violated. If there were a certainty of this in the public mind, there would be an immediate preparation for specie payment, and the consequence would be that it would be resumed long before the day appointed. But this is the very assurance that the Democrats refused to give, and whatever doubt and consequent trouble may arise will be due to the Democrats.

The objection of Mr. **SCHURZ** was sound, that the bill does not provide for the destruction of the retired notes, and the omission justly begets suspicion. But the country knows that there is no more intelligent or independent Senator upon the floor than Mr. **SCHURZ**, and none who is more sincerely resolved upon specie payment, and since his objection did not prevent him from voting for the bill, on the ground that it gave a pledge for resumption from which no Congress would dare to recede, the same objection urged by mere Democratic partisans, as an excuse for voting against the bill, was of no weight. Mr. **SHERMAN**'s speech was frank. He said that the bill was not altogether such as he preferred, but it was the best practicable, and it was certainly unequivocal upon the essential point. Assent to it upon the part of Senators **MORTON**, **FERRY**, **LOGAN**, and other Republicans of their views was a substantial surrender, relieved only by the omission which Mr. **SCHURZ** pointed out. We are sorry that the omission was not remedied, because we do not believe the opposition of the soft money Senators would have led them to vote against the bill.

It now goes to the House, where there will be a longer battle. But it is a conflict that can not be avoided, and should be settled now, and not evaded or postponed. Let the Republicans in the House see by the hearty applause with which even this pledge of a return to specie has been received throughout the country by their fellow-Republicans, and the total and amusing consternation of the Democrats, how confidently public opinion may be trusted. Honest Republicans expect every Republican to do his duty; and if the majority in the House should without too great delay pass the bill and send it to the President, who would promptly sign it, and then Congress should refuse all subsidies and questionable legislation, the Republican party would be reinvigorated and renewed, and rise as a strong man to run the race of '76.

"KATIE KING."

THE late aspects of what is called "spiritualism" have been more interesting to those who can find any interest whatever in them because of the papers of Mr. **WALLACE**, who divides with Mr. **DARWIN** the renown of proposing the doctrine of evolution, and of the testimony of Mr. **CROOKS** and Mr. **VARLEY**. Another interest is derived from the assertion that the spiritual world, no longer inviting faith in its existence by tipping tables and attributing driveling nonsense to famous shades, has advanced to offering its denizens to sight and hearing and touch—in fact, to the test of the senses. Upon this side of the ocean the only person whose interest in the matter interested the public was Mr. **ROBERT DALE OWEN**, whose honesty and candor commanded attention for his statements, even if a suspicion of his kindly credulity forbade confidence in them. His most striking paper upon the subject, however, was scarcely published before a card appeared from him stating that he had been deceived in regard to its most important assertions, and that the late apparition known as "Katie King" was not that which he had seen last summer. In fact, he conceded that there had been a juggle, a cheat, which he had not suspected, and which was detected by another person.

The effect of this exposure upon the performances known as spiritualism will, of course, be decided. It does not indeed settle that it is all a conscious fraud, but taken with the many other exposures which have been made, it throws such an air of doubt and suspicion over the whole that it will be long before it can again command any general interest. Indeed, the difficulty has always been that the machinery is precisely that which fraud requires. The "conditions," as they are called, have been always such as to suggest imposture, and therefore to destroy interest. Dark rooms, cabinets, joined hands, things in the air and things under a table, covers and veils of every kind, are the conditions of legerdemain and conjuring. When the performances began, some years ago, "faith" was one of the conditions and prerequisites. If the table did not tip or the bedstead did not ascend, there was some abominable **THOMAS**, with his disturbing doubts, who grieved the spirits. This was a very plain subterfuge of knavery. Signor **BLITZ** and his fellow-magicians did not ask half the blinds and cloaks and contrivances to accomplish their acknowledged deceptions which the spirits intent upon our conversion and instruction demanded.

As this became evident, and was very prejudicial to the claims of "spiritualism," another step was made, and it was explained that there were bad spirits and mischievous spirits, spirits that feigned to be other spirits, and it was even suggested that only spirits in the lower ranges of the spirit world could "communicate" with men. These explanations were, like the special revelations of **MOHAMMED** and **JOE SMITH**, very satisfactory to the faithful, but wholly suspicious to the unbelievers. The subject has been always covered with this cloud, not of mystery, but of apparent and vulgar fraud; nor is there any record of any wise word said or noble thing done, or of any service to humanity, in all the jumble of revelations and appearances, and signs and wonders, and doubtful women and cunning men, that compose what is known as spiritualism. That some honest men and women may have been consoled by believing that the spirit of a loved and lost parent or child, or husband or wife, has scrawled an initial upon somebody's arm, or a vague remark upon a locked slate, establishes nothing, and is no justification for knavish deception. Nobody, probably, supposes that the Rochester rappings were celestial sounds, or that the "Fox girls" were miraculous messengers of divine truth.

It is true that one man's deception does not disprove another man's sincerity, and that it does not follow that a "spirit" can not appear in visible form because "Katie King" is shown to be the mere imposture of adventurers. But the human mind is of such a nature that when a deception has been successfully accomplished under certain circumstances, the same circumstances will always suggest to it similar deception; and when a man is convinced that the red line upon the bare arm of Mr. Smith is not an initial drawn by the spirit of his great-grandfather, he will not be swift to believe that the red line upon the bare arm of Mr. Jones is. Life is full of mysteries. and logicians smile at the argument *a priori* and the assurance of instinct. But surely the instinct of the race and the deepest conviction of generations of the best and most enlightened men might be as strong an argument with honest and intelligent minds as the performances of vulgar and unknown people who make a peep-show of heaven and sell divine revelations for money.

AN ACT TO CONFIRM PREJUDICE.

THE probability of the passage of a civil rights bill is not great, but that is no reason for the introduction of such an act as has been presented to the House by the Judiciary Committee. If, as the opponents of the bill constantly declare, we can not abolish prejudice by law, we are certainly not called upon to sustain and perpetuate it by law. Yet this is what the proposed bill does. It is an act to stigmatize a class of American citizens on account of color and previous condition of servitude. This it does by authorizing any State to maintain separate schools or institutions with equal facilities in all respects to all classes entitled thereto. But as separate schools are demanded only on account of color, this is the authority to establish them. Of course such a provision makes the whole bill ridiculous, as any shrewd Democrat could instantly show by moving to amend by making the provision which applies to schools apply also to "inns, public conveyances on land and water, theatres, and other places of public amusement." If the prejudice against color is to be respected in the school-house, why not in the theatre and the tavern and the railroad car? It is no harder for a white child to sit beside a colored child at school than for a white parent to sit beside a colored parent in a car or at a public table or in a theatre. The distinction is without a difference. The bill as reported is an insult to every intelligent colored citizen, as it is a humiliation to every white citizen who remembers that the Constitution guarantees to all the equal protection of the laws—a guarantee which is deliberately violated when the law stigmatizes any class of innocent citizens under any pretense whatever.

The folly of such a rule was shown by Mr. **CONWAY**'s letter describing his experience as Superintendent of Schools in Louisiana, and by the daily reports from New Orleans, which state that "the color line in schools promises to be the momentous question, as it is difficult to settle who are colored." As for the alleged prejudice, it is now frankly confessed that before the war the lighter-colored children—quadroons and others—were admitted to the schools, and no issue was raised; while it is perfectly well known that some of the most refined, cultivated, courteous, and wealthy citizens in that city were "tainted" with color. But not only is it impracticable to decide who is "colored," but even if every child who is to be stigmatized by this law were coal-black, so that no question could arise, the mischief lies in the obloquy thus cast by law upon certain citizens to whom the Constitution secures equality. Suppose any other class against whom there is a similar feeling should be selected for this leper-like segregation, its enormity and injustice would be at once conceded. If, for instance, the Jews were by law separated from the rest of their fellow-citizens in schools and other public institutions, the sense of shame in all decent American breasts would soon burn out the law from the statute-book. In darker ages and more barbarous countries than ours the Jews were the victims of an inhuman prejudice. What does the honorable American think of those times and countries? And does he wish that his country to-day shall follow that example? There is, indeed, a difference in the cases. The feeling against the Jew was the growth of a Christian tradition of hatred against those who had crucified the Son of God. The feeling against the colored race is the American tradition of hatred against those whom we have foully wronged.

The prejudice unquestionably exists, but why should a Republican Congress propose to strengthen and perpetuate it by law? Is any member of Congress so amusingly stupid as to suppose that a prejudice strong enough to separate the schools would permit them to be equal "in all respects?" or that it is of any practical use to enact that a pariah who is excluded from the schools and cemeteries may have "full and equal enjoyment of the accommodations, advantages, facilities, and privileges of inns, public conveyances on land and water, theatres, and other places of public amusement?" Moreover, it is as impossible to determine what is a full and equal enjoyment of such privileges as it is to decide who is "colored." The bill will not pass, and it certainly ought not to pass.

PACIFIC MAIL GAMBLING.

It is often said that if people choose to burn their fingers in stock gambling, it is their own affair, and pity for them is wasted. But the consequences of very little misconduct can be strictly confined to the evil-doer. The money which is involved in many stock transactions is often that of those who have no part whatever in throwing the dice, and who are wholly ignorant of the game that is played. And very much more than money may be involved. The stakes of the gamblers are often human lives and hearts and happiness, as well as individual character and the national morality. The facts lately developed in regard to the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company are an illustration. Here is a company whose proper business is the transportation of passengers, mails, and freight upon the ocean. Its responsibility is immense, and its management should be therefore most trusty and careful. The enterprise, indeed, is not undertaken upon benevolent grounds. Its object is to make money, but in an honorable and legitimate manner. But the late revelations show that the primary purpose with the management has been gambling. The money has been spent to bribe Congress, and in a manner which would have allowed the officers, without any check, to have taken the same amount of money—three-quarters of a million of dollars—for their own private use. The result is easy to see. It is that a company having charge of lives and mails and freight is largely controlled by a knot of gamblers, and in the very moment of the revelation of this fact one of its steamers is burned at sea with a lamentable loss of life.

The duty of honest people with money to invest is twofold. First, not to invest in the stock of any company which is the counter of gamblers, and to sell out the moment that it becomes so; and second, to vote against candidates for Congress who favor subsidies to such enterprises. The government should not manage steamers and railroads and telegraphs, but it is much better that it should do it than become the partner of private managers. The moment those private managers believe that they can obtain the public money for their purposes, they will lobby and intrigue and debauch, and if the public sentiment is sound and intelligent, they will go far to ruin, and justly ruin, the reputation of the enterprise, and thereby to rob those who have ventured their money in such hands. For the qualities and conduct indispensable in the management of a great steam-ship company are evident and familiar. They are not those which gamblers of any kind possess. They are probity, intelligence, fidelity, and devotion to the legitimate success of the business.

The catastrophe of the *Japan*, coming just at this time of investigation into the management of the company, will recall public attention to these simple truths. It is not to a clerk who spends every night at the gaming table that a wise merchant intrusts the key of his safe or gives a power to sign checks in his name. But innocent investors are expected to do this when they are tempted by a company so managed. And the press is false to its duty when it fails to record the fact that men who have undertaken to carry passengers in steamers have, under any pretense, deserted their trust, and to show that legislators tempt them to desert it when they hold out the hope of a subsidy from the public Treasury. The press has given no uncertain sound in regard to this latest catastrophe of the Pacific Mail Company. Those managers who by gambling in its stock have diverted attention from its legitimate purpose, and have thereby thoroughly demoralized every part of the system, are morally responsible for the loss of life and of property resulting from this accident.

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

During the debate in the Senate upon the bill for the government of the District of Columbia, Mr. Morton objected to the proposed commission or regency of three persons to be appointed by the President and Senate, as anti-republican and anti-democratic, and as depriving the people of the District of the right of local self-government. He insisted that the control of Congress over the District was the same as its control over the Territories, and that if it could govern by a board of three regents, it could govern by all the people of the District. But the clauses that confer power upon Congress in the two cases are very different. That in regard to the Territories provides that "the Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States," while the provision for the District is that Congress shall have power "to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever," and "like authority over all places" occupied by forts, arsenals, dock-yards, etc., acquired with the consent of the States in which they lie. Local self-government, therefore, is as much forbidden by the Constitution itself to the inhabitants of the District of Columbia as it is to the inhabitants of any fort or national building or inclosure.

Until the year 1807 the government of the District was exercised by Congress through commissioners, nor were the constitutional rights of the people violated. As Mr. Morrill, of Maine, truly said, the question was and is one of expediency. Indeed, the Supreme Court has decided that every legislative act in the District is necessarily national, for under the Constitution there is no local authority in the ordinary sense. The reason was shown by Mr. Thurman. It is that there may never be the possibility of a jurisdiction that might be arrayed against the national government. Moreover, the larger part of the property in the District is owned by the national government, so that Congress in governing it is governing the common domain and property. There is therefore no constitutional right to local self-government in the District. The vital and essential value of that right any where is the power of legislation either directly or by representation, but the Constitution expressly withholds that power from the District, and gives to Congress authority "to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever." It is a mere question of expediency how that authority shall be exercised. The old municipality and the recent Territorial system both failed, the latter so disastrously and resulting in such misgovernment that Congress peremptorily abolished it at the last session.

Mr. Bayard thinks that much if not all the trouble in the District was due to "the curse of negro suffrage," and in the course of his remarks he said, "I was not bred in that school which taught me to make my conscience or my will the measure of other men's." This was a fling at the Republicans for establishing equal suffrage; and it is very ludicrous as coming from a Democrat of an old Slave State in which, under the dominance of his party, colored men, women, and children were sold like cattle. The regard of the American Democratic "school" for the rights of men is as conspicuous as the virtue of Madame De Montespan. Whatever the District misgovernment may have been with negro suffrage behind it, the national city was an infinitely less shameful spectacle under the Ring than when, under the supremacy of Mr. Bayard's party, there were human shambles within gun-shot of the Capitol. The Republican party at least repairs its errors, but the "school" of partisanship in which Mr. Bayard was bred hugged its great crime to the last. It is not negro suffrage, it is ignorant suffrage, which is dangerous, and in 1857, under Democratic supremacy, not only were the colored children of the District untaught, but half of the white children were without education.

Now that the recent system has failed in the District, it is certainly wise to try the plan of concentrated responsibility proposed by the committee. It must be assumed that the committee has consulted intelligent persons of all parties, and that its recommendations are the result of careful observation and of various experience. That vigilant sentinel on the watch-tower of liberty, Mr. Thurman, saw the deep monarchical design in the word "regents," by which the new executive board was described, and moved to substitute commissioners, begging Mr. Morrill not to think the motion "demagogical or for Buncombe." Why did Mr. Thurman think that it would be so interpreted? "The lady doth protest too much, methinks." The experiment in the district, which is politically a wholly exceptional place, will be very valuable in throwing light upon the comparative excellence of an appointive system. One great evil of our local governments every where is the great number of elective officers; and although the constitutional conditions in the District of Columbia are essentially different from those of a self-governing community, the new system can not fail to be instructive.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Thomas Farrington, who has been in the employment of the Harpers for nearly fifty-four years, died in Brooklyn on the 23d of December, in the seventy-first year of his age. He was born at Middle Village, Newtown, Long Island, where the Harper family resided, and attended school with the four lads who afterward formed the house of Harper & Brothers. On leaving school he entered the employment of a cooper; but on being told that by the time he had served out his apprenticeship there would be so many barrels manufactured that the trade would be ruined, he left the shop and took service with the Harpers, who had recently commenced business. Here he was told that books were multiplying so fast that the printer's business would cease to be profitable in a few years: people would have more books than they could read. But he resolved to stay, and until within a few weeks he was in constant active employment. He used to relate how that, when the first power-press was set up in the Harper establishment, he told his wife that in a few years there would be nothing more for printers to do, and he was going to buy a farm with his savings to secure a home for his old age. He bought the farm; but though the Harpers added press after press to their establishment, with every new appliance for saving time and labor, there was never any thing less for printers to do. And so Mr. Farrington grew up with the four brothers, serving them faithfully from youth to old age, and seeing their sons and grandsons come into the business. He was an intelligent man, faithful in the performance of duty, and enjoyed the respect and confidence of all who knew him.

—The King of Hawaii takes an intelligent interest in all that is written about his kingdom. In response to a reporter for the New York *Tribune* the other day he highly commended Mr. Nordhoff's book as a "very clear description of the islands, the mode of life, and the manners and customs of his subjects. He thought full justice had been done them. The agricultural products of the islands that make up the kingdom of Hawaii were fully set forth, and the wonders and curiosities cleverly portrayed."

—Mr. John C. Green has given another $100,000 to Princeton College, for the purpose of endowing and fully equipping the department of civil engineering in the School of Science. This department was established by Mr. Green, who has already expended $500,000 in buildings, apparatus, etc. When completed it will be the most perfect thing of its kind in this country or abroad.

—Mr. Samuel B. H. Vance, for one month Mayor of New York, is a native of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and about fifty years of age. He was educated in Philadelphia, and from the commencement to the close of the Mexican war served in the cavalry of the United States, part of the time as captain. For many years he has been a member of the well-known house of Mitchell, Vance, & Co., manufacturers of gas-fixtures.

—The question is frequently asked in England, when Mr. Disraeli retires, as soon he must, being now seventy, who is to succeed him as Conservative leader? Mr. Disraeli has, to use a common phrase, "taken care of himself." He has been as careful to eschew what Charles Dickens, in the last letter he ever wrote, called "opal enjoyments" as the most rigid ascetic alive. Lord Palmerston was the most abstemious of men. Neither tea, coffee, nor any other beverage passed his lips, save only Amontillado sherry, and of that he consumed five glasses per diem. When Disraeli retires, Lord Derby would be summoned to form a cabinet, but who would be his leader in the potential arena of the House? The one possible man is said to be Sir Stafford Northcote, who possesses excellent abilities, is an admirable man of business, and, above all, understands the English temper.

—Mr. Gladstone is said to be engaged on two new Homeric studies, viz., a volume of essays on the writings of the Greek poets, and a dictionary to Homer. But *Punch* thinks that the ex-Premier has abandoned Homer in order to devote himself to the works of Pope.

—The estimable Mr. Joshua Billings has evolved from the depths of his inner consciousness the following observation, which contains, as the Indians say, "heap sense:" "I hav made up mi mind that human happiness konsists in having a good deal to do, and then keep a-doing it."

—Edmund Yates's new paper, *The World*, has had an unprecedented success. For the four weeks ending November 18, as attested by the official certificate of the eminent accountants, Quilter, Ball, & Co., it sold 25,413 copies, equal to a weekly average of 6353. This, for a new weekly in London, is something remarkable, if not unprecedented.

—The Duke of Argyle for himself as well as for his heirs accepts the progressive tendencies of the times. Not only does he put his sons to business, but he himself appears before the common people in the lecture-hall. Recently he lectured on geology in the public hall at Inverary to the people of the town and neighborhood, and among his audience were her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, the Duchess of Argyle, the Marquis of Lorne, Sir George Home, and others. He illustrated his lecture by sketches, and at the end invited persons to send questions for solution at another meeting.

—Ernest Renan is now on the editorial staff of the *Journal des Débats*, and passes for a very clever critic. Before the late war M. Renan was a warm admirer of German literature and German writers, but since then he will none of them. Hugo has just left Germany and settled permanently in Paris, where he is a lion in letters and politics.

—"Sir," said a citizen of Manchester recently to Colonel Forney, "such men as we elect to our city offices would as soon think of setting fire to their own houses as of abusing a public trust."

—Mr. Boucicault's share of the profits of the *Shaughraun* for the first four weeks amounted to $18,457.

—The finest living French comedian is said to be Got, of the Théâtre Française, and by many he is believed to be the first comic artist of any country. Of French actresses Mlle. Croisette, also of the Française, stands at the head. She has studied hard and has good mental qualities. In manner she is graceful and distinguished, and has a smile that is inexpressibly winning. The Française receives from the government an annual subsidy, which renders it to a great extent independent of popular demands that are not in accordance with the interests of art, and the players of that theatre are accomplished men and women, who are generally received wherever they go on a footing of equality. It would be difficult to find men more finished in a social way than such as Delaunay, Bressant, and Febvre. The organization of the theatre into a civil society, subventioned and administered by the state, with its players recognized as government functionaries, brings them into the best relations with the social world. It is the only theatre in the world where there is no music, which, however agreeable, is something extraneous to the drama pure, and calculated to interfere with its legitimate effect, and is excluded. The audience is as orderly as the congregation of a church.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress sat only three days last week, taking holiday recess from December 23 to January 5.—Mr. Sherman, from the Finance Committee, December 21, reported the new finance bill agreed upon at the Republican caucus of December 19. It embraces the following propositions: Redemption of legal tenders to begin January 1, 1879, silver coin to be substituted meanwhile for fractional currency; free banking, with the retirement of legal tenders to the amount of eighty per cent. of the new bank-notes issued till the whole volume of legal tenders is reduced to $300,000,000; the Secretary of the Treasury to sell bonds for gold with which to redeem legal tenders if the amount of specie in hand is not sufficient at the time named. The bill was passed the next day by a strict party vote of 32 to 14. Only one Republican voted against the measure, and only one Democrat in its favor. Various amendments were offered, but none of them were adopted. On the 23d the same bill was taken up in the House and made the special order for January 7.—Mr. Eames introduced into the House, December 21, a bill to repeal all taxes and stamp duties imposed by the internal revenue laws, except such as relate to distilled spirits, fermented liquors, tobacco, snuff, and cigars, to increase the tax on distilled spirits ten cents per gallon, and to repeal the second section of the act of June 6, 1872, which reduced by ten per cent. the duties on manufactures of cotton, wool, iron, etc.—The President sent to the Senate, December 21, the nomination of Lewis E. Parsons to be United States District Judge of Alabama, *vice* Busteed, resigned. The Senate on the same day confirmed the nomination of S. B. Axtell to be Governor of Utah Territory from February 2, 1875.—December 21, Mr. Hays (Republican), of Alabama, introduced a resolution, which was passed, appointing a select committee to inquire into the political affairs of that State, and as to the use of Federal soldiers there, the intimidation of voters, etc.—A resolution declaring against granting any subsidies during this session failed of adoption in the House, December 21, by only one vote, the count being 149 to 75.—On the 21st Mr. Dawes asked that the Speaker of the House issue his warrant for the arrest of Richard B. Irwin for contempt in refusing to answer certain questions respecting the distribution by him of $750,000 alleged to have been paid to obtain the Pacific Mail subsidy granted at the last session. The order asked for was made without a division of the House. It appearing from the doctor's certificate that Irwin was too ill to be brought to the bar of the House, the arrest was temporarily deferred. —The Navy Appropriation Bill of $17,000,000 was passed by the House December 22, and referred to the Senate Appropriation Committee next day.—Representative Page, of California, December 22, introduced a bill excluding Chinese immigrants from the benefits of the Naturalization Act. Referred.—December 23, Vice-President Wilson being absent from the city, Senator Carpenter was chosen President *pro tem.* of the Senate.—Senator Morton proposed, December 23, to recognize Mr. Pinchback as Senator from Louisiana, but Mr. Thurman objected, and the resolution went over.—In the House, December 23, the Election Committee reported in the Arkansas contested case that the sitting member, Mr. Snyder, and not Mr. Bell, was elected. Resolution adopted.

The iron steam-ship *South Carolina*, which left Charleston for New York December 19, struck on Barnegat Shoal the third day out, and was considerably damaged. All on board were saved.

King Kalakaua and his suit arrived in New York city December 23. The royal party was received by the authorities, and in the evening was serenaded at his hotel.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Pacific Mail steamer *Japan* was burned at sea December 17, and was abandoned 150 miles from Hong-Kong. Among the passengers were 400 Chinamen. The captain, eighty-seven of the crew, a cabin passenger, and thirty-four Chinese were rescued, but the others have not been heard from.

A powder magazine in the Turkish city of Scutari was struck by lightning during a heavy storm December 21. A terrible explosion followed, overthrowing the city walls, demolishing the houses, and killing and wounding 200 persons.

All the powers having accepted the invitation to the International Code Conference, Russia has issued a circular asking them to suggest a time of meeting.

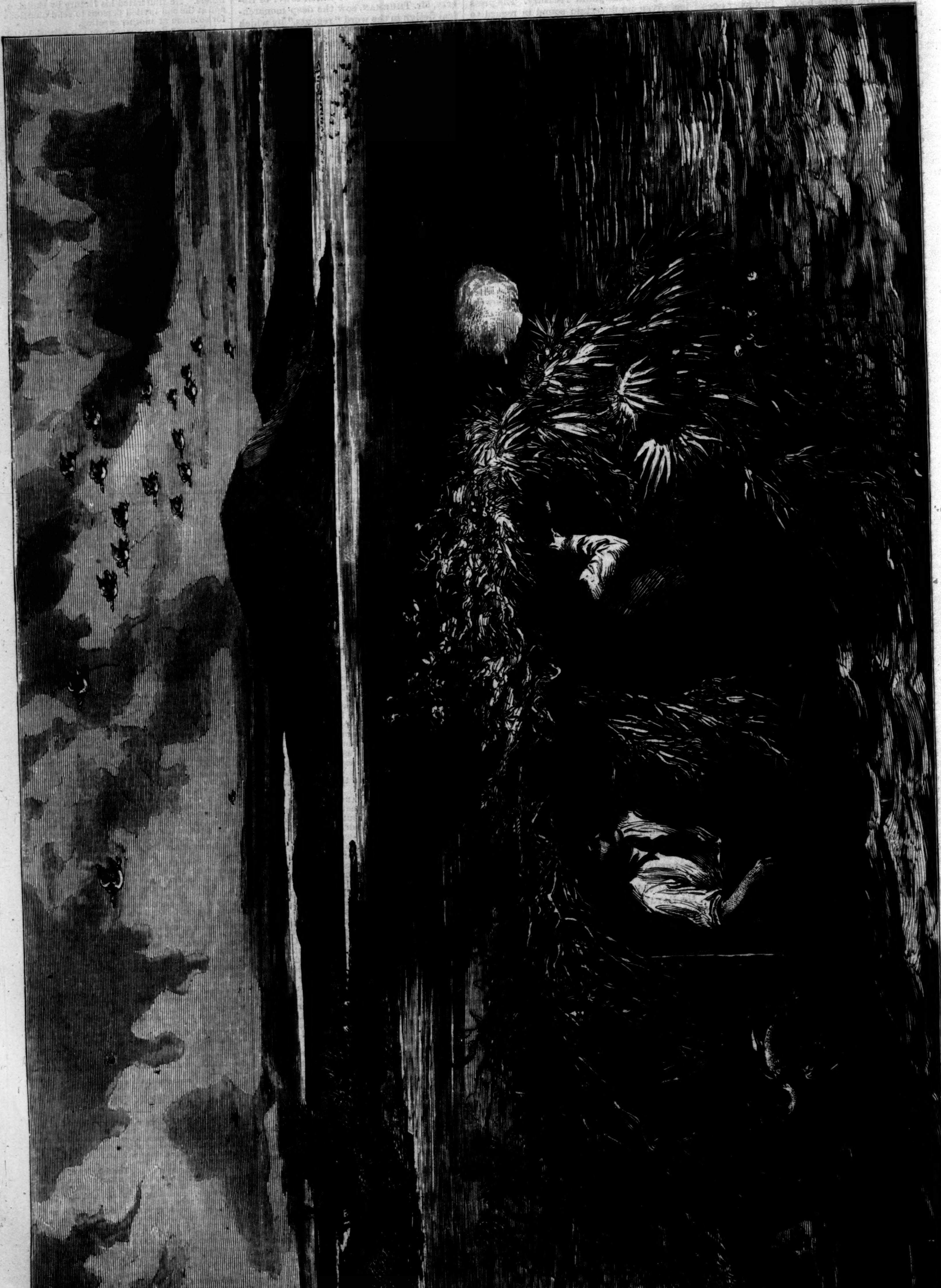
It is reported that Prince Bismarck has received warning from the police of another plot to take his life.

Advices from Venezuela to December 8 report a desperate battle between the government forces and the insurgents, lasting eighty-four hours; 800 men were killed. Both sides claim the victory.

The Yellow River, in China, near its mouth, has changed its course, inundating the land and causing great distress. About twenty miles from Hoochoo the country is one vast ocean.

Several persons were killed and injured by a collision between two railway trains at Blackburn, England, December 23.

The Russian difficulty with the Turcoman tribes in Khiva has been settled. The Attrak expedition has returned without fighting.



SHOOTING CANVAS-BACK DUCKS.—[See Page 30.]

[This Story was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY dated October 10, 1874.]

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "ARMADALE," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE MOONSTONE," ETC.

Part II.—Paradise Regained.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MORE OF MY OBSTINACY.

ARIEL was down stairs in the shadowy hall, half asleep, half awake, waiting to see the visitors clear of the house. Without speaking to us, without looking at us, she led the way down the dark garden walk, and locked the gate behind us. "Good-night, Ariel," I called out to her over the paling. Nothing answered me but the tramp of her heavy footsteps returning to the house, and the dull thump, a moment afterward, of the closing door.

The footman had thoughtfully lit the carriage lamps. Carrying one of them to serve as a lantern, he lighted us over the wilds of the brick desert and landed us safely on the path by the high-road.

"Well!" said my mother-in-law, when we were comfortably seated in the carriage again. "You have seen Miserrimus Dexter, and I hope you are satisfied? I will do him the justice to declare that I never, in all my experience, saw him more completely crazy than he was to-night. What do *you* say?"

"I don't presume to dispute your opinion," I answered. "But speaking for myself, I am not quite sure that he is mad."

"Not mad!" cried Mrs. Macallan, "after those frantic performances in his chair? Not mad, after the exhibition he made of his unfortunate cousin? Not mad, after the song that he sang in your honor, and the falling asleep by way of conclusion? Oh, Valeria! Valeria! Well said the wisdom of our ancestors—there are none so blind as those who won't see."

"Pardon me, dear Mrs. Macallan, I saw every thing that you mention, and I never felt more surprised or more confounded in my life. But, now I have recovered from my amazement, and can think it over quietly, I must still venture to doubt whether this strange man is really mad in the true meaning of the word. It seems to me that he only expresses—I admit in a very reckless and boisterous way—thoughts and feelings which most of us are ashamed of as weaknesses, and which we keep to ourselves accordingly. I confess I have often fancied myself transformed into some other person, and have felt a certain pleasure in seeing myself in my new character. One of our first amusements as children (if we have any imagination at all) is to get out of our own characters, and to try the characters of other personages as a change—to be fairies, to be queens, to be any thing, in short, but what we really are. Mr. Dexter lets out the secret just as the children do, and if that is madness, he is certainly mad. But I noticed that when his imagination cooled down he became Miserrimus Dexter again—he no more believed himself than we believed him to be Napoleon or Shakspeare. Besides, some allowance is surely to be made for the solitary, sedentary life that he leads. I am not learned enough to trace the influence of that life in making him what he is; but I think I can see the result in an overexcited imagination, and I fancy I can trace his exhibiting his power over the poor cousin and his singing of that wonderful song to no more formidable cause than inordinate self-conceit. I hope the confession will not lower me seriously in your good opinion; but I must say I have enjoyed my visit, and, worse still, Miserrimus Dexter really interests me."

"Does this learned discourse on Dexter mean that you are going to see him again?" asked Mrs. Macallan.

"I don't know how I may feel about it to-morrow morning," I said, "but my impulse at this moment is decidedly to see him again. I had a little talk with him while you were away at the other end of the room, and I believe he really can be of use to me—"

"Of use to you in what?" interposed my mother-in-law.

"In the one object which I have in view—the object, dear Mrs. Macallan, which I regret to say you do not approve."

"And you are going to take him into your confidence? to open your whole mind to such a man as the man we have just left?"

"Yes, if I think of it to-morrow as I think of it to-night. I dare say it is a risk; but I must run risks. I know I am not prudent; but prudence won't help a woman in my position, with my end to gain."

Mrs. Macallan made no further remonstrance in words. She opened a capacious pocket in front of the carriage, and took from it a box of matches and a railway reading-lamp.

"You provoke me," said the old lady, "into showing you what your husband thinks of this new whim of yours. I have got his letter with me—his last letter from Spain. You shall judge for yourself, you poor deluded young creature, whether my son is worthy of the sacrifice, the useless and hopeless sacrifice, which you are bent on making of yourself for his sake. Strike a light!"

I willingly obeyed her. Ever since she had informed me of Eustace's departure to Spain I had been eager for more news of him, for something to sustain my spirits, after so much that had disappointed and depressed me. Thus far I did not even know whether my husband thought of me sometimes in his self-imposed exile. As to his regretting already the rash act which had separated us, it was still too soon to begin hoping for that.

The lamp having been lit, and fixed in its place between the two front windows of the carriage, Mrs. Macallan produced her son's letter. There is no folly like the folly of love. It cost me a hard struggle to restrain myself from kissing the paper on which the dear hand had rested.

"There!" said my mother-in-law. "Begin on the second page, the page devoted to you. Read straight down to the last line at the bottom, and, in God's name, come back to your senses, child, before it is too late!"

I followed my instructions, and read these words:

"Can I trust myself to write of Valeria? I *must* write of her. Tell me how she is, how she looks, what she is doing. I am always thinking of her. Not a day passes but I mourn the loss of her. Oh, if she had only been contented to let matters rest as they were! Oh, if she had never discovered the miserable truth!

"She spoke of reading the Trial when I saw her last. Has she persisted in doing so? I believe—I say this seriously, mother—I believe the shame and the horror of it would have been the death of me if I had met her face to face when she first knew of the ignominy that I have suffered, of the infamous suspicion of which I have been publicly made the subject. Think of those pure eyes looking at a man who has been accused (and never wholly absolved) of the foulest and the vilest of all murders, and then think of what that man must feel if he has any heart and any sense of shame left in him. I sicken as I write of it.

"Does she still meditate that hopeless project—the offspring, poor angel, of her artless, unthinking generosity? Does she still fancy that it is in *her* power to assert my innocence before the world? Oh, mother, (if she does,) use your utmost influence to make her give up the idea! Spare her the humiliation, the disappointment, the insult, perhaps, to which she may innocently expose herself. For her sake, for my sake, leave no means untried to attain this righteous, this merciful end.

"I send her no message—I dare not do it. Say nothing, when you see her, which can recall me to her memory. On the contrary, help her to forget me as soon as possible. The kindest thing I can do—the one atonement I can make to her—is to drop out of her life."

With those wretched words it ended. I handed his letter back to his mother in silence. She said but little on her side.

"If *this* doesn't discourage you," she remarked, slowly folding up the letter, "nothing will. Let us leave it there, and say no more."

I made no answer—I was crying behind my veil. My domestic prospect looked so dreary! my unfortunate husband was so hopelessly misguided, so pitiably wrong! The one chance for both of us, and the one consolation for poor Me, was to hold to my desperate resolution more firmly than ever. If I had wanted any thing to confirm me in this view and to arm me against the remonstrances of every one of my friends, Eustace's letter would have proved more than sufficient to answer the purpose. At least he had not forgotten me; he thought of me and he mourned the loss of me every day of his life. That was encouragement enough—for the present. "If Ariel calls for me in the pony-chaise to-morrow," I thought to myself, "with Ariel I go."

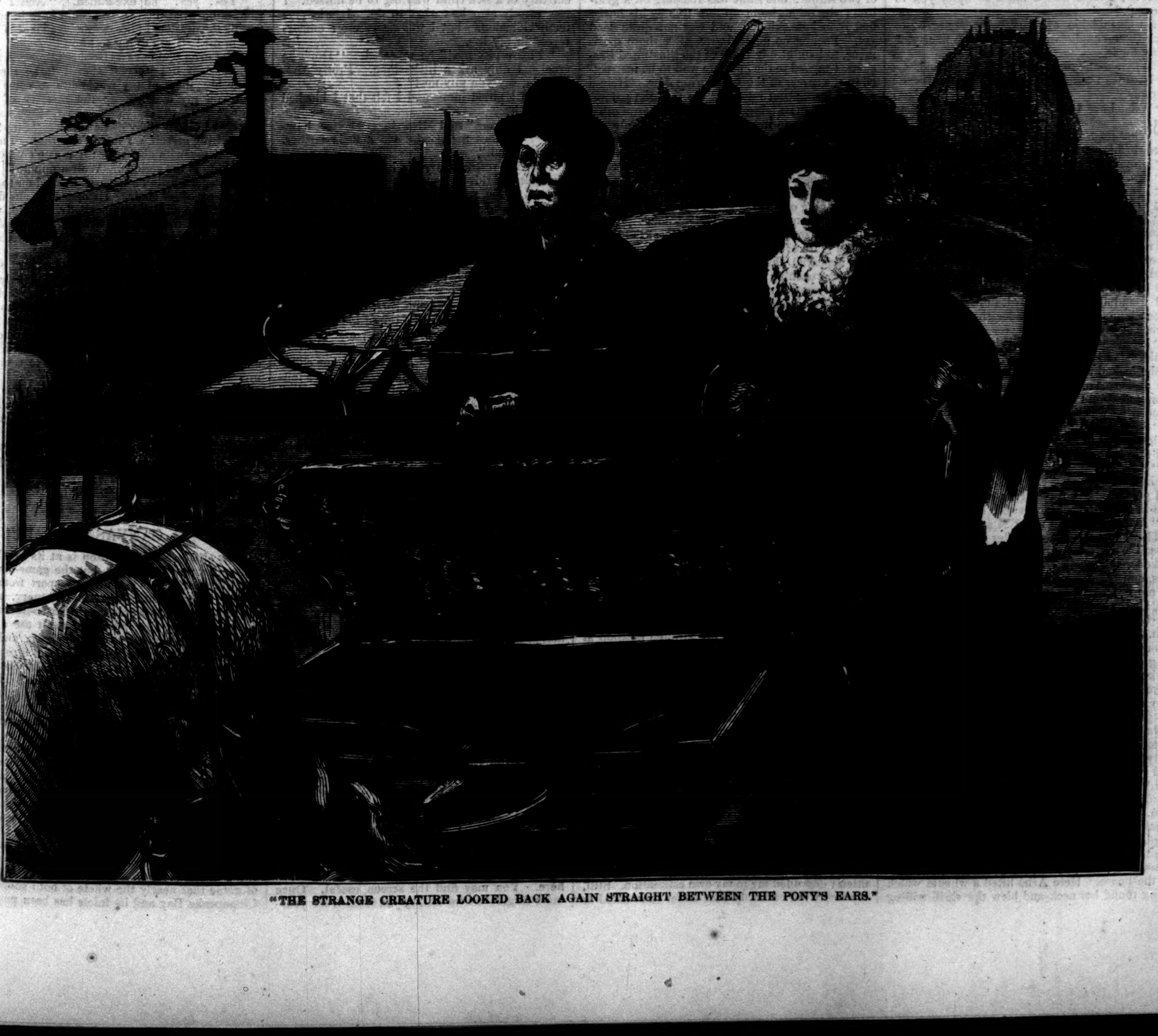
Mrs. Macallan set me down at Benjamin's door.

I mentioned to her at parting—I stood sufficiently in awe of her to put it off till the last moment—that Miserrimus Dexter had arranged to send his cousin and his pony-chaise to her residence on the next day; and I inquired thereupon whether my mother-in-law would permit me to call at her house to wait for the appearance of the cousin, or whether she would prefer sending the chaise on to Benjamin's cottage. I fully expected an explosion of anger to follow this bold avowal of my plans for the next day. The old lady agreeably surprised me. She proved that she had really taken a liking to me: she kept her temper.

"If you persist in going back to Dexter, you certainly shall not go to him from my door," she said. "But I hope you will *not* persist. I hope you will wake a wiser woman to-morrow morning."

The morning came. A little before noon the arrival of the pony-chaise was announced at the door, and a letter was brought in to me from Mrs. Macallan.

"I have no right to control your movements," my mother-in-law wrote. "I send the chaise to Mr. Benjamin's house; and I sincerely trust that you will not take your place in it. I wish I could persuade you, Valeria, how truly I am your friend. I have been thinking about you anxiously in the wakeful hours of the night. *How* anxiously, you will understand when I tell you that I now reproach myself for not having done more than I did to prevent your unhappy marriage. And yet, what more I could have done I don't really know. My son admitted to me that he was courting you under an assumed name, but he never told me what the name was, or who you were, or where your friends lived. Perhaps I ought to have taken measures to find



"THE STRANGE CREATURE LOOKED BACK AGAIN STRAIGHT BETWEEN THE PONY'S EARS."

this out. Perhaps, if I had succeeded, I ought to have interfered and enlightened you, even at the sad sacrifice of making an enemy of my own son. I honestly thought I did my duty in expressing my disapproval, and in refusing to be present at the marriage. Was I too easily satisfied? It is too late to ask. Why do I trouble you with an old woman's vain misgivings and regrets? My child, if you come to any harm, I shall feel (indirectly) responsible for it. It is this uneasy state of mind which sets me writing, with nothing to say that can interest you. Don't go to Dexter! The fear has been pursuing me all night that your going to Dexter will end badly. Write him an excuse. Valeria! I firmly believe you will repent it if you return to that house."

Was ever a woman more plainly warned, more carefully advised, than I? And yet warning and advice were both thrown away on me.

Let me say for myself that I was really touched by the kindness of my mother-in-law's letter, though I was not shaken by it in the smallest degree. As long as I lived, moved, and thought, my one purpose now was to make Miserrimus Dexter confide to me his ideas on the subject of Mrs. Eustace Macallan's death. To those ideas I looked as my guiding stars along the dark way on which I was going. I wrote back to Mrs. Macallan, as I really felt, gratefully and penitently. And then I went out to the chaise.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. DEXTER AT HOME.

I FOUND all the idle boys in the neighborhood collected round the pony-chaise, expressing, in the occult language of slang, their high enjoyment and appreciation of the appearance of "Ariel" in her man's jacket and hat. The pony was fidgety—*he* felt the influence of the popular uproar. His driver sat, whip in hand, magnificently impenetrable to the gibes and jests that were flying round her. I said "Good-morning" on getting into the chaise. Ariel only said "Gee up!" and started the pony.

I made up my mind to perform the journey to the distant northern suburb in silence. It was evidently useless for me to attempt to speak, and experience informed me that I need not expect to hear a word fall from the lips of my companion. Experience, however, is not always infallible. After driving for half an hour in stolid silence, Ariel astounded me by suddenly bursting into speech.

"Do you know what we are coming to?" she asked, keeping her eyes straight between the pony's ears.

"No," I answered. "I don't know the road. What are we coming to?"

"We are coming to a canal."

"Well?"

"Well, I have half a mind to upset you in the canal."

This formidable announcement appeared to require some explanation. I took the liberty of asking for it.

"Why should you upset me?" I inquired.

"Because I hate you," was the cool and candid reply.

"What have I done to offend you?" I asked next.

"What do you want with The Master?" Ariel asked, in her turn.

"Do you mean Mr. Dexter?"

"Yes."

"I want to have some talk with Mr. Dexter."

"You don't! You want to take my place. You want to brush his hair and oil his beard, instead of me. You wretch!"

I now began to understand. The idea which Miserrimus Dexter had jestingly put into her head, in exhibiting her to us on the previous night, had been ripening slowly in that dull brain, and had found its way outward into words, about fifteen hours afterward, under the irritating influence of my presence!

"I don't want to touch his hair or his beard," I said. "I leave that entirely to you."

She looked round at me, her fat face flushing, her dull eyes dilating, with the unaccustomed effort to express herself in speech, and to understand what was said to her in return.

"Say that again," she burst out. "And say it slower this time."

I said it again, and I said it slower.

"Swear it!" she cried, getting more and more excited.

I preserved my gravity (the canal was just visible in the distance), and swore it.

"Are you satisfied now?" I asked.

There was no answer. Her last resources of speech were exhausted. The strange creature looked back again straight between the pony's ears, emitted hoarsely a grunt of relief, and never more looked at me, never more spoke to me, for the rest of the journey. We drove past the banks of the canal, and I escaped immersion. We rattled, in our jingling little vehicle, through the streets and across the waste patches of ground, which I dimly remembered in the darkness, and which looked more squalid and more hideous than ever in the broad daylight. The chaise turned down a lane, too narrow for the passage of any larger vehicle, and stopped at a wall and a gate that were new objects to me. Opening the gate with her key, and leading the pony, Ariel introduced me to the back garden and yard of Miserrimus Dexter's rotten and rambling old house. The pony walked off independently to his stable, with the chaise behind him. My silent companion led me through a bleak and barren kitchen, and along a stone passage. Opening a door at the end, she admitted me to the back of the hall, into which Mrs. Macallan and I had penetrated by the front entrance to the house. Here Ariel lifted a whistle which hung round her neck and blew the shrill trilling notes with the sound of which I was already familiar as the means of communication between Miserrimus Dexter and his slave. The whistling over, the slave's unwilling lips struggled into speech for the last time.

"Wait till you hear The Master's whistle," she said. "Then go up stairs."

So! I was to be whistled for like a dog! And worse still, there was no help for it but to submit like a dog. Had Ariel any excuses to make? Nothing of the sort.

She turned her shapeless back on me and vanished into the kitchen region of the house.

After waiting for a minute or two, and hearing no signal from the floor above, I advanced into the broader and brighter part of the hall, to look by daylight at the pictures which I had only imperfectly discovered in the darkness of the night. A painted inscription in many colors, just under the cornice of the ceiling, informed me that the works on the walls were the production of the all-accomplished Dexter himself. Not satisfied with being poet and composer, he was painter as well. On one wall the subjects were described as "Illustrations of the Passions;" on the other, as "Episodes in the Life of the Wandering Jew." Chance speculators like myself were gravely warned, by means of the inscription, to view the pictures as efforts of pure imagination. "Persons who look for mere Nature in works of Art" (the inscription announced) "are persons to whom Mr. Dexter does not address himself with the brush. He relies entirely on his imagination. Nature puts him out."

Taking due care to dismiss all ideas of Nature from my mind, to begin with, I looked at the pictures which represented the Passions first.

Little as I knew critically of Art, I could see that Miserrimus Dexter knew still less of the rules of drawing, color, and composition. His pictures were, in the strictest meaning of that expressive word, Daubs. The diseased and riotous delight of the painter in representing Horrors was (with certain exceptions to be hereafter mentioned) the one remarkable quality that I could discover in the series of his works.

The first of the Passion pictures illustrated Revenge. A corpse, in fancy costume, lay on the bank of a foaming river, under the shade of a giant tree. An infuriated man, also in fancy costume, stood astride over the dead body, with his sword lifted to the lowering sky, and watched, with a horrid expression of delight, the blood of the man whom he had just killed, dripping slowly in a procession of big red drops down the broad blade of his weapon. The next picture illustrated Cruelty, in many compartments. In one I saw a disemboweled horse savagely spurred on by his rider at a bull-fight. In another, an aged philosopher was dissecting a living cat, and gloating over his work. In a third, two pagans politely congratulated each other on the torture of two saints: one saint was roasting on a gridiron; the other, hung up to a tree by his heels, had been just skinned, and was not quite dead yet. Feeling no great desire, after these specimens, to look at any more of the illustrated Passions, I turned to the opposite wall to be instructed in the career of the Wandering Jew. Here a second inscription informed me that the painter considered the Flying Dutchman to be no other than the Wandering Jew, pursuing his interminable journey by sea. The marine adventures of this mysterious personage were the adventures chosen for representation by Dexter's brush. The first picture showed me a harbor on a rocky coast. A vessel was at anchor, with the helmsman singing on the deck. The sea in the offing was black and rolling; thunder-clouds lay low on the horizon, split by broad flashes of lightning. In the glare of the lightning, heaving and pitching, appeared the misty form of the Phantom Ship approaching the shore. In this work, badly as it was painted, there were really signs of a powerful imagination, and even of a poetical feeling for the supernatural. The next picture showed the Phantom Ship, moored (to the horror and astonishment of the helmsman) behind the earthly vessel in the harbor. The Jew had stepped on shore. His boat was on the beach. His crew—little men with stony white faces, dressed in funereal black—sat in silent rows on the seats of the boat, with their oars in their lean long hands. The Jew, also in black, stood with his eyes and hands raised imploringly to the thunderous heaven. The wild creatures of land and sea—the tiger, the rhinoceros, the crocodile, the sea-serpent, the shark, and the devil-fish—surrounded the accursed Wanderer in a mystic circle, daunted and fascinated at the sight of him. The lightning was gone. The sky and sea had darkened to a great black blank. A faint and lurid light lit the scene, falling downward from a torch, brandished by an avenging Spirit that hovered over the Jew on outspread vulture wings. Wild as the picture might be in its conception, there was a suggestive power in it which I confess strongly impressed me. The mysterious silence in the house, and my strange position at the moment, no doubt had their effect on my mind. While I was still looking at the ghastly composition before me, the shrill trilling sound of the whistle up stairs burst on the stillness. For the moment my nerves were so completely upset that I started with a cry of alarm. I felt a momentary impulse to open the door and run out. The idea of trusting myself alone with the man who had painted those frightful pictures actually terrified me; I was obliged to sit down on one of the hall chairs. Some minutes passed before my mind recovered its balance, and I began to feel like my own ordinary self again. The whistle sounded impatiently for the second time. I rose and ascended the broad flight of stairs which led to the first story. To draw back at the point which I had now reached would have utterly degraded me in my own estimation. Still, my heart did certainly beat faster than usual as I approached the door of the circular anteroom; and I honestly acknowledge that I saw my own imprudence, just then, in a singularly vivid light.

There was a glass over the mantel-piece in the anteroom. I lingered for a moment (nervous as I was) to see how I looked in the glass.

The hanging tapestry over the inner door had been left partially drawn aside. Softly as I moved, the dog's ears of Miserrimus Dexter caught the sound of my dress on the floor. The fine tenor voice, which I had last heard singing, called to me softly.

"Is that Mrs. Valeria? Please don't wait there. Come in!"

I entered the inner room.

The wheeled chair advanced to meet me, so slowly and so softly that I hardly knew it again. Miserrimus Dexter languidly held out his hand. His head inclined pensively to one side; his large blue eyes looked at me piteously. Not a vestige seemed to be left of the raging, shouting creature of my first visit, who was Napoleon at one moment, and Shakspeare at another. Mr. Dexter of the morning was a mild, thoughtful, melancholy man, who only recalled Mr. Dexter of the night by the inveterate oddity of his dress. His jacket, on this occasion, was of pink quilted silk. The coverlet which hid his deformity matched the jacket in pale sea-green satin; and, to complete these strange vagaries of costume, his wrists were actually adorned with massive bracelets of gold, formed on the severely simple models which have descended to us from ancient times!

"How good of you to cheer and charm me by coming here!" he said, in his most mournful and most musical tones. "I have dressed, expressly to receive you, in the prettiest clothes I have. Don't be surprised. Except in this ignoble and material nineteenth century, men have always worn precious stuffs and beautiful colors as well as women. A hundred years ago a gentleman in pink silk was a gentleman properly dressed. Fifteen hundred years ago the patricians of the classic times wore bracelets exactly like mine. I despise the brutish contempt for beauty and the mean dread of expense which degrade a gentleman's costume to black cloth, and limit a gentleman's ornaments to a finger-ring, in the age I live in. I like to be bright and beautiful, especially when brightness and beauty come to see me. You don't know how precious your society is to me. This is one of my melancholy days. Tears rise unbidden to my eyes. I sigh and sorrow over myself; I languish for pity. Just think of what I am! A poor solitary creature, cursed with a frightful deformity. How pitiable! how dreadful! My affectionate heart—wasted. My extraordinary talents—useless or misapplied. Sad! sad! sad! Please pity me."

His eyes were positively filled with tears—tears of compassion for himself! He looked at me and spoke to me with the wailing, querulous entreaty of a sick child wanting to be nursed. I was utterly at a loss what to do. It was perfectly ridiculous—but I was never more embarrassed in my life.

"Please pity me!" he repeated. "Don't be cruel. I only ask a little thing. Pretty Mrs. Valeria, say you pity me!"

I said I pitied him—and I felt that I blushed as I did it.

"Thank you," said Miserrimus Dexter, humbly. "It does me good. Go a little farther. Pat my hand."

I tried to restrain myself; but the sense of the absurdity of this last petition (quite gravely addressed to me, remember!) was too strong to be controlled. I burst out laughing.

Miserrimus Dexter looked at me with a blank astonishment which only increased my merriment. Had I offended him? Apparently not. Recovering his astonishment, he laid his head luxuriously on the back of his chair, with the expression of a man who was listening critically to a performance of some sort. When I had quite exhausted myself, he raised his head, and clapped his shapely white hands, and honored me with an "encore."

"Do it again," he said, still in the same childish way. "Merry Mrs. Valeria, *you* have a musical laugh—*I* have a musical ear. Do it again."

I was serious enough by this time. "I am ashamed of myself, Mr. Dexter," I said. "Pray forgive me."

He made no answer to this; I doubt if he heard me. His variable temper appeared to be in course of undergoing some new change. He sat looking at my dress (as I supposed) with a steady and anxious attention, gravely forming his own conclusions, steadfastly pursuing his own train of thought.

"Mrs. Valeria," he burst out, suddenly, "you are not comfortable in that chair."

"Pardon me," I replied; "I am quite comfortable."

"Pardon *me*," he rejoined. "There is a chair of Indian basket-work at that end of the room which is much better suited to you. Will you accept my apologies if I am rude enough to allow you to fetch it for yourself? I have a reason."

He had a reason! What new piece of eccentricity was he about to exhibit? I rose and fetched the chair. It was light enough to be quite easily carried. As I returned to him I noticed that his eyes were still strangely employed in what seemed to be the closest scrutiny of my dress. And stranger still, the result of this appeared to be partly to interest and partly to distress him.

I placed the chair near him, and was about to take my seat in it, when he sent me back again, on another errand, to the end of the room.

"Oblige me indescribably," he said. "There is a hand-screen hanging on the wall, which matches the chair. We are rather near the fire here. You may find the screen useful. Once more forgive me for letting you fetch it for yourself. Once more let me assure you that I have a reason."

Here was his "reason," reiterated, emphatically reiterated, for the second time! Curiosity made me as completely the obedient servant of his caprices as Ariel herself. I fetched the hand-screen. Returning with it, I met his eyes still fixed with the same incomprehensible attention on my perfectly plain and unpretending dress, and still expressing the same curious mixture of interest and regret.

"Thank you a thousand times," he said. "You have (quite innocently) wrung my heart. But you have not the less done me an inestimable kindness. Will you promise not to be offended with me if I confess the truth?"

He was approaching his explanation! I never gave a promise more readily in my life.

"I have rudely allowed you to fetch your chair and your screen for yourself," he went on. "My motive will seem a very strange one, I am afraid. Did you observe that I noticed you very attentively—too attentively, perhaps?"

"Yes," I said. "I thought you were noticing my dress."

He shook his head, and sighed bitterly.

"Not your dress," he said. "And not your face. Your dress is dark. Your face is still strange to me. Dear Mrs. Valeria, I wanted to see you walk."

To see me walk! What did he mean? Where was that erratic mind of his wandering to now?

"You have a rare accomplishment for an Englishwoman," he resumed—"you walk well. *She* walked well. I couldn't resist the temptation of seeing her again, in seeing you. It was *her* movement, *her* sweet simple unsought grace (not yours), when you walked to the end of the room and returned to me. You raised her from the dead when you fetched the chair and the screen. Pardon me for making use of you: the idea was innocent, the motive was sacred. You have distressed—and delighted me. My heart bleeds—and thanks you."

He paused for a moment; he let his head droop on his breast, then suddenly raised it again.

"Surely we were talking about her last night?" he said. "What did I say? what did you say? My memory is confused; I half remember, half forget. Please remind me. You're not offended with me—are you?"

I might have been offended with another man. Not with him. I was far too anxious to find my way into his confidence—now that he had touched of his own accord on the subject of Eustace's first wife—to be offended with Miserrimus Dexter.

"We were speaking," I answered, "of Mrs. Eustace Macallan's death, and we were saying to one another—"

He interrupted me, leaning forward eagerly in his chair.

"Yes! yes!" he exclaimed, "And I was wondering what interest *you* could have in penetrating the mystery of her death. Tell me! Confide in me! I am dying to know!"

"Not even you have a stronger interest in that subject than the interest that I feel," I said. "The happiness of my whole life to come depends on my clearing up the mystery of her death."

"Good God!—why?" he cried. "Stop! I am exciting myself. I mustn't do that. I must have all my wits about me; I mustn't wander. The thing is too serious. Wait a minute!"

An elegant little basket was hooked on to one of the arms of his chair. He opened it, and drew out a strip of embroidery partially finished, with the necessary materials for working, all complete. We looked at each other across the embroidery. He noticed my surprise.

"Women," he said, "wisely compose their minds, and help themselves to think quietly, by doing needle-work. Why are men such fools as to deny themselves the same admirable resource—the simple and soothing occupation which keeps the nerves steady and leaves the mind calm and free? As a man, I follow the women's wise example. Mrs. Valeria, permit me to compose myself."

Gravely arranging his embroidery, this extraordinary being began to work with the patient and nimble dexterity of an accomplished needle-woman.

"Now," said Miserrimus Dexter, "if you are ready, I am. You talk—I work. Please begin."

I obeyed him, and began.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHOOTING CANVAS-BACK DUCKS.

THE duck-shooting season is at its height in November and December, but the game-laws in the different States permit this sport from the 15th of August until the 1st of February, under the requirement, however, of sportsman-like usage. That is to say, the sportsman must use a gun which may be raised to the shoulder, and the blind or brush screen from which he fires must not be placed on the water at a greater distance than one hundred yards from the shore. This is to prevent what is known among sportsmen as "pot-hunting," a method employed by market-men, who slaughter game for profit and not for sport.

Although duck-shooting is not confined to any particular section of the country, the shores of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries afford peculiar facilities to the sportsman. During certain seasons of the year vast numbers of ducks of different varieties make these localities their resort, and in no other part of the United States is this branch of the sportsman's pursuit followed with more success. In fact, so famous are these localities for the quantity and quality of game that nearly the whole of both shores of Chesapeake Bay and its inlets has been portioned off in sections, and either bought or leased by numerous ducking clubs for the more convenient and profitable following of their favorite amusement. Most of these clubs have built upon their grounds spacious and comfortable club buildings for the accommodation of the members and their many visitors and friends.

At these stations a long pier is constructed, running out into the bay at right angles with the shore. At the end of this causeway is placed transversely a structure resembling a long wooden box, to contain the sportsmen who are waiting the approach of the unwary and deluded fowl. When the season for the shooting is at hand this whole structure is disguised by branches of evergreen trees, which are tied at intervals along the causeway and around the "blind," as it is termed. A number of decoy ducks are anchored off the end of the structure, which attract the passing flocks, the individuals of which suppose this assemblage to indicate a good feeding-ground. Taking the "blind" to be simply a point of land, the ducks fly toward the decoys, and only discover their mistake when they are within reach of the guns. They endeavor to fly past, but invariably leave many of their number behind them. The dogs are concealed within the "blind," and so well trained are these sagacious animals that they will not stir until the proper moment for them to dart into the water and bring the struggling victims to the shore. Sometimes the duck is wounded only in the wing, and, falling to the water, is enabled to swim off faster than the dogs are capable of doing in pursuit of them. At such a moment the boats come into requisition, and many a "lame duck" is thus secured.

Duck-shooting is sometimes pursued by the method shown in our illustration on page 28, but sportsmen, as a rule, prefer the system described above. It may be added that the peculiar flavor of the canvas-back duck, which makes this kind of game so celebrated, is owing to its feeding on the wild celery which grows in profusion along the shores of the Chesapeake. During the height of the season the slaughter among the ducks is prodigious. One hundred and fifty is not an unusual day's sport for a skillful sportsman, and a club of forty or fifty men will sometimes capture three or four thousand in a single day.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

MR. WILCOX communicates to the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia the account of an unusual mode of burial which was formerly practiced among the Indians of North Carolina. He states that in numerous instances burial-places have been discovered where the bodies had been laid with the face up and covered with a coating of plastic clay about an inch thick. A pile of wood was then placed on top and fired, consuming the body and baking the clay, which retained the impression of the body. This was then lightly covered with earth.

Dr. COUES has published in the Proceedings of the Philadelphia Academy a synopsis of an elaborate work by him upon the mice of North America, based upon the many thousands of specimens in the Smithsonian Institution. In this he considerably reduces the alleged number of species, although describing some that he considers new. The genera retained by him for the American forms are *Netoma*, *Sigmodon*, *Hesperomys*, *Ochetodon*, *Evotomys*, *Arvicola*, *Synaptomys*, *Myodes*, *Cuniculus*, and *Fiber*, some of them with several sub-genera. Twenty-eight species, some of which have numerous varieties, are recorded by Dr. COUES.

Dr. HUNT gives an account, in the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History, of the contents of the stomach of a mastodon lately found in Wayland, New York. These consisted of remains of both cryptogams and flowering plants, exhibiting distinctly the vegetable characters. No sphagnum was found in the deposit. The evidence was that the animal had eaten his last meal from the tender mosses and boughs of the flowering plants growing on the banks of streams and margins of swamps, and that pines and cedars formed no part of his diet.

A coal-field has recently been explored by a party of English engineers at Dranista, which is about fifty miles southwest of the town of Salonica, and is inclosed by a range of mountains of crescent shape, commencing on the south at Mount Olympus, and terminating on the north at the bay of Kitros, in the Gulf of Salonica. An aggregate thickness of about eight feet of coal has been found, extending over an area of 2000 acres, although it is thought probable that the coal-field is of much greater extent, and that the basin contains 255,000,000 tons of coal of good quality.

Gold was obtained during the year 1874 in large quantities from the region of the Upper Amoor of Eastern Siberia.

Extensive coal mines have been discovered in the Jekaterinoslaw district, in the lands of the Don Cossacks of Russia. These lie at a depth of about 200 feet, and the yield is so abundant that many thousands of tons have been shipped from the port of Taganrog. It is thought that this coal will answer an important purpose in connection with the Suez steam navigation, and in all probability drive out of use in that region the English coal which is now universally employed.

In the winter of 1872-73 a number of eggs of the Maine salmon were presented by the United States to the State of Wisconsin, and hatched out at Waterville by Mr. H. F. DOUSMAN, an experienced fish-culturist of that place. The greater portion of these were distributed by him in various rivers of the State, a few, however, being left in his ponds. On the 2d of December, 1874, in taking out his trout for the purpose of collecting the spawn, he found three salmon in the races, one female and two males. These were all ripe, and he obtained from the female about two hundred eggs, and impregnated them with the milt from the males. These eggs he has placed in a separate inclosure, and proposes to ascertain whether they will hatch out, and, if the young can be reared to maturity, what their character will be. The female was about five inches in length, one of the males eight, and the other seven. Their average weight was about three ounces, which is considerably less than that of the trout with which they were associated.

The death of the veteran Dr. GIDEON LINCECUM, of Long Point, Texas, is announced as having taken place at his residence on the 28th of November last, in his eighty-second year. Dr. LINCECUM was well known to the naturalists of the United States on account of his abilities as an observer and the wonderful minuteness of his investigations into the habits and peculiarities of American animals. His contributions in this direction to the archives of the Smithsonian Institution, to the *American Naturalist*, to the Academy of Natural Sciences, and to the *American Sportsman* were very numerous and varied, and have been extensively copied at home and abroad. During the greater part of his life he was a resident in Texas, although he spent a few years in Mexico, not far from Tuxpan.

In addition to his contributions of notes Dr. LINCECUM was an extensive collector of specimens, especially of insects and reptiles, of which he sent large numbers to the museums of the North. Among the more important natural history papers by Dr. LINCECUM were articles upon the honey-ant of Texas, upon the habits of various species of birds, etc.

An extremely interesting autobiography of Dr. LINCECUM has been in course of publication for several weeks in the columns of the *American Sportsman*, to which we refer our readers for a graphic account of the experiences, adventures, and struggles of a person subjected in early life to adverse influences, and progressing in his intellectual development by gradual stages from a simple love of nature to the condition of an acute and trained observer and recorder of her phenomena and laws.

Letters dated Zanzibar, October 19, have been received in London from Mr. H. M. STANLEY, and embrace an account of the journey up one of the ten mouths of the river Rufigi as far as Kisu, fifty miles from the sea. Mr. STANLEY extols very highly the commercial value of the region, and supplies a map in which he claims to lay down for the first time correctly the various channels by which the river discharges its waters.

A very interesting and in some respects remarkable balloon ascension was made on the night of the 4th and morning of the 5th of July by the well-known aeronaut, S. A. KING, of Boston. The ascent was made at Buffalo about six o'clock Saturday evening. The course of the balloon was at first slightly east of south, and gradually changed more to the eastward, until a landing was effected at Salem, New Jersey, about seven o'clock Sunday morning, the entire distance traveled in thirteen hours being, in a direct line, nearly 350 miles. The latter part of the journey lay in the path of the terrible tornado which swept over Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey on the afternoon of the 4th of July, and which caused great destruction to crops, etc. The balloon employed in this trip is, with two exceptions, the largest ever built in this country, having a capacity of 91,000 cubic feet. The greatest height attained above the earth's surface was 9750 feet, at which elevation the temperature was 68°, it being then a quarter before seven in the morning. COGGIA'S comet was watched with much interest, and was seen with great distinctness through the early half of the night.

The death is announced as having taken place at Chicago on the 11th of December of Dr. JAMES V. Z. BLANEY, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. Dr. BLANEY has for many years been a prominent physician in the West, and is well known from having been one of the founders of the Rush Medical College, as also of the Chicago *Medical Journal*. He made a specialty of chemistry, and was the chief authority throughout the Northwest in that branch of science. His services as an analytical chemist were greatly in demand, especially for the detection of poisons, and the verdicts in many important cases rested upon his decision.

Mr. HERMANN SMITH states as the result of experimental studies that within an organ pipe the "air reed" vibrates in arcs whose extent diminishes as we increase the speed of the reed, or that the times vary with the amplitude; and to this he adds the remarkable feature that the motion of vibration is an activity tempered by rests, and that the note of every open organ pipe is not single, but a concord of two tones.

A new phase in the archæology of the United States is shown by the researches of Mr. PUTNAM in the caves of Kentucky, as he has found that many of the caverns there were used for burial, as in Europe, and that others were used for habitations. Many relics and skeletons have been brought to light by his investigations, and further research, which will be carried on next year in connection with the Geological Survey of the State, will undoubtedly add much of importance to the archæology of our country. Enough evidence has already been obtained to prove that the caves were very extensively used by an early race of men, but the race to which the remains should be referred is not yet determined. In his investigations in the vicinity of a group of mounds in Monroe County, Kentucky, Mr. PUTNAM was also quite fortunate in finding a peculiar mode of burial that has not before been noticed, inasmuch as the bodies, in one grave ten in number, were buried in a circular grave, made by placing erect slabs of limestone around a floor laid with thin stones. The bodies had all been placed in the grave at the same time, and evidently in a sitting posture, with their backs against the slabs. The skulls show a race remarkable for the shortness of their heads, and in one case at least exhibited a posterior flattening. The bones of the skeletons were thick and massive, and the shin-bones remarkably flat.

Messrs. MITCHELL and BUCHAN have made a very thorough study of the influence of the seasons on human mortality, basing their investigations on thirty years of observations at London. The greatest mortality is above the average from November to April; falls to a minimum at the end of May; then rises to a maximum on the third week of July, continuing there until the second week of August, and falling thence to a secondary minimum in October. Deducting the summer excess, which is due to one section of the population (namely, infants) and to one class of diseases (namely, bowel complaints), there remains an excess in the cold and a deficiency in the warm months, which are due to the diseases of the organs of respiration.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHO will draw a long sigh of relief when the holidays are over? Will it be the fathers, upon whose purses multifarious demands have been made? the mothers, who have patiently suffered the household order to be overturned by rollicking boys and girls? the servants, who have uncomplainingly swept up fragments of evergreen, candies, nuts, and all the débris of Christmas-trees, every morning for the last ten days? the teachers, who will say, "*Now* school duties will be attended to?" Perhaps all these may experience, more or less, a feeling of relief. Yet far more than any others, we fancy, will shop-keepers and clerks experience a great lifting of care. True, the holiday season is the harvest-time with merchants; but none the less is it a time when extraordinary demands are made upon their patience and good humor. Shops are transformed into public show rooms; multitudes crowd in with no thought of purchasing, but only to see the pretty things—and few *see* without the use of their fingers. Delicate goods are handled carelessly, a thousand useless questions asked, and yet what consideration, tact, and self-restraint are shown by the salesmen and saleswomen! They do not forget, apparently, that half the people who enter the shop don't intend to buy any thing, and that a majority of the other half don't know what they want to buy—only it must be something pretty. How patiently they answer questions! with what real or assumed interest do they enter into the feelings of the purchaser who scarcely knows what to select! The other day we were with a friend who was examining some little silver crosses—an ornament for the neck. A young girl showed the various patterns with genuine interest. When the lady took up one, remarking on its beauty, the girl responded with a personal appreciation that had a touch of real nature in it, "That is the prettiest one we have; I should like it myself." And she gave a half-regretful smile as she put it up for the purchaser, saying, "It is a beauty." We have marveled as we have passed from shop to shop during the holidays at the almost universal good humor of those who stand all day long waiting upon an undecided public. If by chance an impatient word escapes them we are amazed, and resent it. The truth is, the position of salesman or saleswoman during the holidays is no sinecure.

The School-Teachers' Association of New York city held their December reception at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening, December 19. A large audience was present, and the platform was occupied by distinguished gentlemen whose interest in educational matters is well known. Addresses were made by B. D. L. Southerland, the president of the association, by Mayor Vance, and by Mr. Whitelaw Reid. Vocal and instrumental music and readings formed a pleasant feature of the evening's exercises. In the preliminary address Mr. Southerland alluded to the anxiety which had been felt by the teachers and their friends in regard to the proposed reduction of salaries, but expressed the hope that the trouble was about to pass away. Mr. Reid, after stating that the Board of Apportionment desired a reduction of $186,000 in the estimates of the Board of Education, said: "I make bold to declare that the people of New York say they will not stand it! They have a monstrously expensive government, the times are hard, their taxes are constantly swelling, and they sorely need to practice public as well as private economies. But this wealthy and generous community have not got down to the meanness of scrimping the wages of the poorly paid teachers of their children. They want first to strike at people who can better afford it." Mr. Reid went on to show that teachers' salaries had now reached about as low a point as the self-respect of our citizens would permit, that a teacher in our primary schools ought to be paid at least as much as a hod-carrier, and he showed that in many cases they were paid less. If good, efficient instruction was desired for the children of our city, it was a ruinous policy to pare down teachers' salaries "to the quick." Doubtless economies must be practiced, but it was a poor economy to have ignorant or unfit persons to mould the character of children. And Mr. Reid believed that not only the association, but the people of New York, desired the board to look elsewhere than at teachers' salaries for "that missing $186,000." Before the audience dispersed Mayor Vance stated that he was hopeful that at the next meeting of the Board of Apportionment an arrangement might be made which would be satisfactory not only to the Association of Teachers, but to the board itself, and to the citizens of New York.

Another warning comes from a place called Browerstown, about three miles from Paterson, New Jersey. Three children, left by their mother in charge of an old man while she went to market, ventured upon the ice of the Morris Canal. The ice was weak, and the unfortunate children broke through it. No one was near, and some time passed before there was any suspicion of an accident having occurred. After much search a little red shawl beneath the ice told the sad tale, and soon the bodies of the two little girls and their brother were found. The mother was a widow.

Kapiolani, the wife of King Kalakaua, ever since her elevation to royal honors has shown herself admirably fitted for the position. As the royal couple have no children, the younger brother of the king, Prince William Pitt Leleiohoku, has been proclaimed successor to the throne of Hawaii.

A society has been recently organized in this city for the protection of children, its main purpose being the prevention of cruelty to young children. Such an object can not fail to gain the sympathy and support of the public. At the first meeting, which was held at Association Hall, a board of officers was chosen, consisting of many well-known and prominent citizens. Elbridge T. Gerry, Esq.—who volunteers his gratuitous services in the prosecution of cases reported by the officers during the first year—explained the object of the society: While there were many charitable institutions for receiving and caring for little children, it was not in the province of these institutions to seek out and rescue from the dens of the city the unfortunates whose lives were made miserable by cruelty; while there were plenty of laws on the statute-books of the State providing for relief in such cases, no one had hitherto been held responsible for their enforcement. This society proposes to seek out cruelly treated children, and to enforce the existing laws to secure the conviction and punishment of every violator of them—a work which would not interfere with the numerous institutions now existing, but aid them. The office of the society is temporarily located at No. 100 East Twenty-second Street.

During the summer the attractions of the Metropolitan Museum of Art have been increased. The permanent collections have been re-arranged. Additions have been made to the statuary, the loan collection of modern paintings is larger than ever, and many rare and valuable specimens of art have been added.

A young lady of Cuzco, the old capital of the Incas, has applied for permission to study for the degree of Doctor of Laws. The Peruvian Minister of Justice has replied that the laws of the republic recognize no such difference between the sexes as would prevent the lady being a lawyer.

The manufacture of that costly perfume, otto of roses, is largely carried on in the valley of Kesanlik, Roumelia. The *Moniteur Industriel Belge* states that the annual production of the rose farms amounts to 4400 pounds of the otto per year; and as it requires about 130,000 roses, weighing some fifty-seven pounds, to make an ounce of the oil, some idea of the extent of the plantations may be formed. The flowers are gathered in May, and the harvest continues for three weeks. The blossoms collected each day are at once worked, in order that none of the odor may be lost. The process consists in distilling them in water, and then causing the water alone to undergo distillation, when the oil is skimmed from the surface. The labor is principally done by women and children, at wages of about ten cents per day. The otto is always adulterated before transmission to market with one-third or one-fifth its quantity of geranium oil.

Machinery has reached a great state of perfection. An exchange remarks, "We recently saw some burned pease put into the hopper of a coffee-mill, and in less than two minutes they were occupying a place in a grocery window labeled 'Fine Old Mocha.'"

Velocipede riding has become so general in Paris that the police authorities have been forced to issue a series of resolutions on the subject. In certain streets and boulevards they are absolutely prohibited, and they are not allowed to trespass on foot-paths and public promenades. Whenever they are used they must be provided with a bell; after dark a lamp or lantern must be carried. Then each must carry a plate bearing the name and address of the owner, and any velocipede which does not fulfill these several conditions may be seized and impounded, and the person using it cited before a competent tribunal.

The *Court Journal* states—on what authority we know not—that two new words have recently been added to the American vocabulary, namely, "to burgle," meaning breaking into a house, and "to statue," erecting a statue in honor of any person.

One of the Paris theatres adopts the rule of closing the doors when the curtain rises, to prevent late comers from interfering with the comfort of those who are punctual.

Over 200,000 watches are made every year in America, and some of these are exported to Europe.

The government of Saxony disapproves of cremation, and has forbidden it in Dresden.

The Maine moose is threatened with extermination by its wanton destruction. The State Legislature is to be petitioned to prohibit the killing of moose for five years.

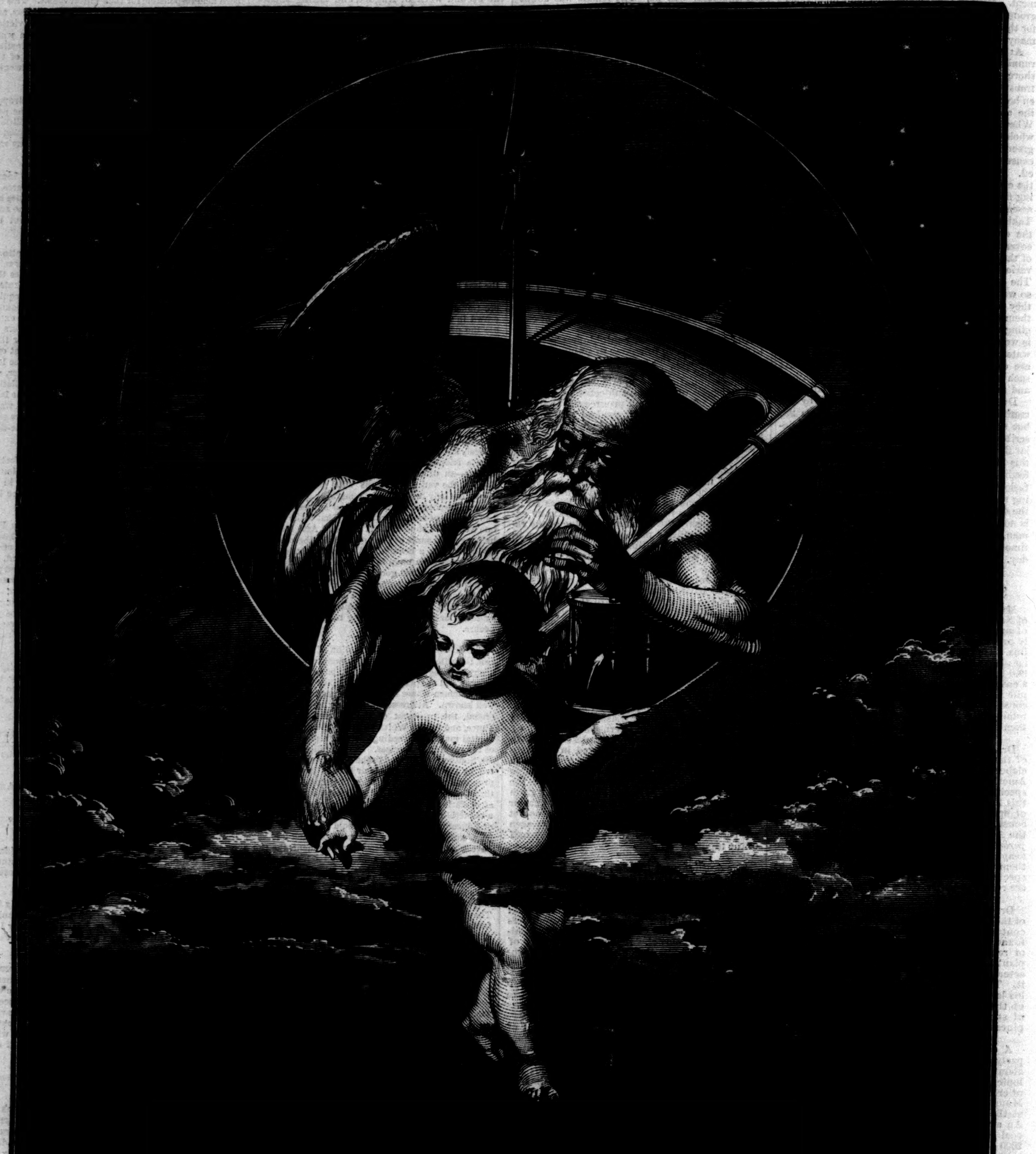
Three cameo paintings by Eugène Delacroix have been added to the Louvre from the Sèvres manufactory. Two of these were originally ordered by Louis Philippe for the designs of windows at the church at Eu.

Mount St. Elias, which, from actual measurement, is now stated to be the highest peak on the American continent, exceeds 19,000 feet in height. In the vicinity of this mountain some grand glaciers have been recently observed, one of which is described as having a flow of from three to six miles in width, and extending inland for at least thirty miles. Alaska will be worth a good deal to men of science, even if other uses are restricted.

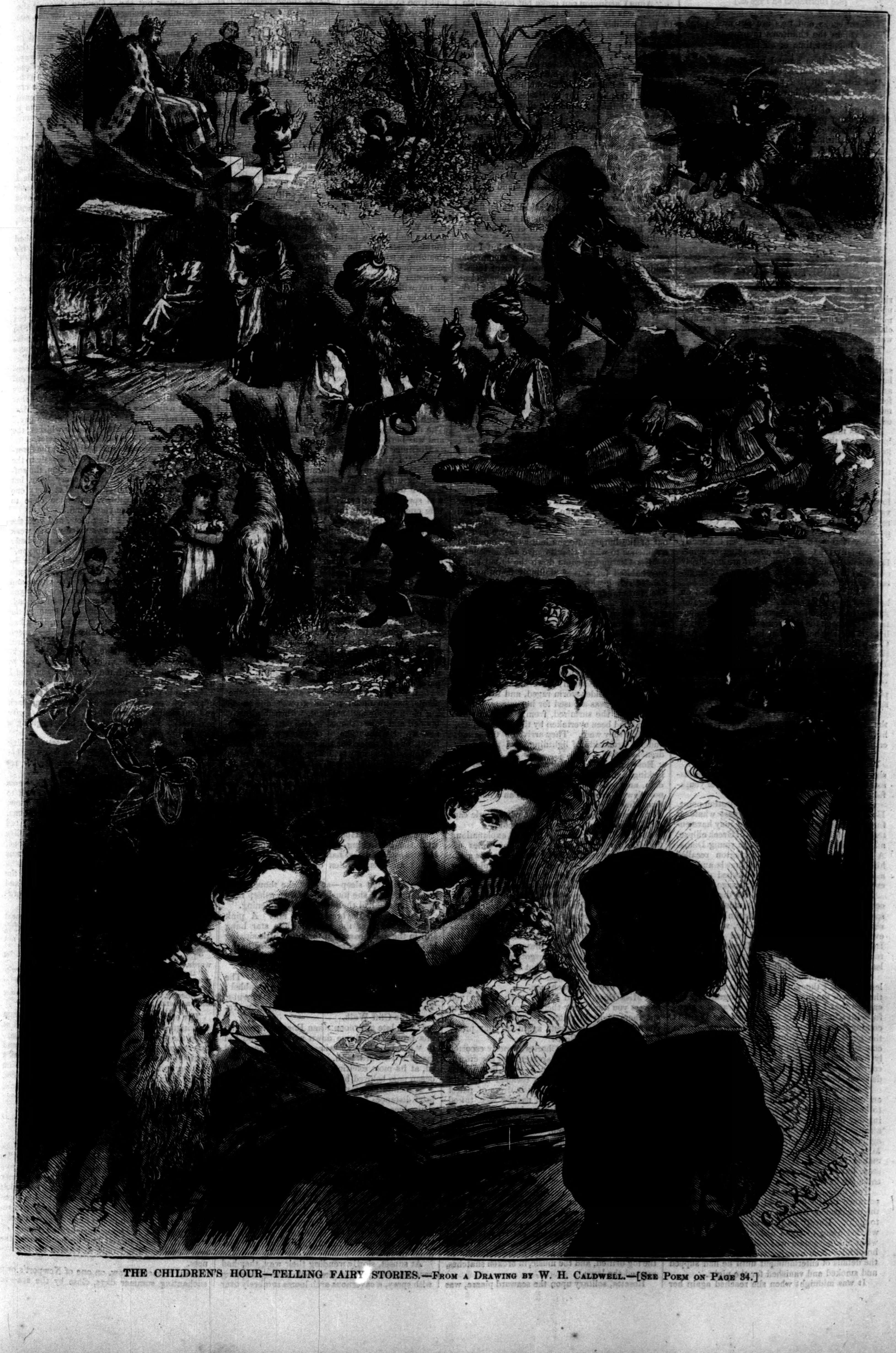
Gladstone's pamphlet on *The Vatican Decrees* has been translated into French and German.

In 1865 a telescope of immense proportions was commenced by M. Léon Foucault, but his death interrupted the work. For some years past its construction has been carried on at the Paris Observatory under the direction of M. Wolf. It is still far from being completed; but it is to be forty-nine feet long, with a diameter of six feet six inches. The mirror will be of glass, the surface to be faced with gold or silver. The power of this instrument will exceed that of the largest now in existence.

Details have been received of the terrible accident which happened on the Great St. Bernard in November. Twelve Italian workmen attempted to cross the mountain pass on November 19, although the roads were specially difficult and the weather threatening. They were met when about half-way to the place of refuge by two monks, a convent servant, and a large dog. Just at that moment a frozen water-spout, called *seura* in the language of the mountaineers, whirled through the air, and five of the Italians, the monks, the servant, and the dog were completely buried in the fresh-fallen snow; and presently the seven other Italians, who were in the rear, were stricken down. These latter victims succeeded in emerging from the snow; and after trying in vain to rescue their companions, returned to their starting-place. One of the monks at length broke through the ice and snow which covered him, and dragged his bleeding limbs to the first hut, called the "hospital," where he was found next morning, nearly insensible. The brave dog had scratched his way out of the snow-bed, found his way to the convent, and thus informed the monks of the catastrophe. The rescued monk only lived to narrate the details of the accident, and then died. The other victims had not been found at the last accounts.



BIRTH OF THE NEW YEAR.



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR—TELLING FAIRY STORIES.—FROM A DRAWING BY W. H. CALDWELL.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 34.]

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

[See Illustration on Page 33.]

WHEN twilight shadows softly lower,
School-books and toys are put away;
Then comes the children's favorite hour,
The happiest time of all the day.

They gather then around my chair
To hear the stories children love,
And listen, with that pleasure rare
We older heads have grown above,

To legends of the days of old,
Of goblin pranks, of fairy mirth,
Ere knowledge, growing stern and cold,
Had banished them away from earth.

But though no more on heath or hill
They hold their sports when mortals sleep,
In the sweet heart of childhood still
The fairy folk their kingdom keep.

And as I catch the earnest glance,
Where wonder, awe, and pleasure shine,
I almost wish its ignorance,
So sweet, so happy, still was mine!

ROSETTA'S RING.

ONE of those fanciful wedding-rings (gemel-rings they were called) that we occasionally see upon the withered fingers of old-fashioned grandmothers—a ring with two circlets grooved and clasped—lay sparkling one August noon on the wet sands of the beach at Newport.

The morning bathing hour drew near its close.

"You will have but a few moments, Rosetta," said Mrs. Clinton, leaning over the door of her landau to address a young girl in bathing dress, at whose wrists two scarlet-bloused boys, eager for the surf, were tugging. "But the children must not be disappointed. Now, Olly," she added, "and Cal, remember, only a dip, my dears."

At this moment Charles Annesly, one of the loungers on the rocks, exclaimed to his companion, with more emphasis than usually escaped from under his fastidious mustache, "Who is that superb-looking girl?"

"Where, Charlie?" asked Miss Carrington, languidly, surveying the offing, the crested billows, the bathers, and at last, with slightly elevated eyebrows, perceiving a possible object of regard in Rosetta. "Ah, yes—Mrs. Clinton's governess. Quite a nice-looking person!"

"A veritable Diana in figure," said Annesly—"the only type adorable in bathing costume. Beauties of your 'De' Medici' sort are hopelessly obscured in such barbarous swathing. A singularly graceful creature!"

Annesly paused. Rosetta too had halted on her way across the sands. Just at the edge of the water a glittering object caught her attention. She bade the children observe what bright little thing lay half hidden in the sand. And Cal, with a shout of surprise, discovering a gold ring, placed it, with the precocious gallantry of Young America, upon the finger of his governess. Upon the third finger of her left hand, "where mamma wore hers," he was about to place it; but Rosetta, obeying a maidenly instinct, prevented the act.

"I *think* it is a marriage-ring," she said, as the circlet glided along her forefinger; and she hurried toward the bath too quickly to bestow a critical observation.

"Then we're married, Miss Rosy," said Cal.

"And 'now you're married, you must *obey*?'" she asked, slyly. Whereupon, to avoid the disastrous compromise of an affirmative, her youthful adorer plunged into the surf.

Annesly did not return to his admiration point. He smothered within his own breast whatever further æsthetical considerations he may have entertained of the long pliant curves of Greek ellipse, and the mobile gracefulness of the young Diana. A slight frown from Miss Carrington recalled him to his duty. He collected shawls and parasols, and with an air of re-absorbed devotion escorted the young lady to his carriage.

Not the slightest film of the dim distance perceptible in Anna Carrington's manner as she spoke to Annesly of Mrs. Clinton's governess remained at close of the same day, when, in her evening loveliness of rose-colored gauze and Italian violets, she rushed into Rosetta's dormer-room and caressingly flung a bunch of geranium leaves into the lap of that petted confidante.

"I haven't a moment, Rosy," she said, breathlessly, "but I thought I must come and tell you the news of the hour. Can you congratulate me enough that I have been so *providentially* careful with Charlie? My dear, Mortimer Ward is coming to-morrow—actually to-morrow—to be the guest of Mrs. Clinton for two weeks. Of course," she added, in a tone abating precipitately from the vibrating alto of her climax—"of course Annesly will press me to an immediate decision, but—"

"For two weeks!" Rosetta echoed, in genuine enthusiasm—the after-consideration seemed not to have reached her ears. She had been following day by day for the last month, with sincere affection for the heroine, and the zest of an imagination not preoccupied, the serial romance of Miss Carrington's experience. And of this romance Mortimer Ward, whom she had never seen, but of whom she had heard so much, was to be the hero.

Too fully aware, however, of his familiar importance in the household to regard ceremony, the unconscious hero arrived not to-morrow, but to-night. Hardly had the family carriage been whirled away to some distant scene of gayety, when the governess was summoned to extend hospitality to an unexpected guest, and to order the details of entertainment until he had supped and smoked and vanished for the night.

It was midnight when she reached again her own open window, and indulged in a half hour's luxury of starlight and inspiring ocean breath.

"Anna Carrington can make but one possible choice," was the exclamation emphatic enough to pass audibly her red red lips. "There is no comparison between the two men. Charles Annesly is a refined bore; Mortimer Ward is simply glorious!"

So self-abnegating had been her schooling that she pronounced this girlish eulogium warmly as if its subject had vouchsafed one individualizing glance of thanks for her courtesies of the evening, or any thing in manner that was not reserved and icy.

"My dear, Mr. Ward knew your mother," said Mrs. Clinton, a few days after the arrival, inviting Rosetta into the library. "And, what is stranger still," she continued, as the gentleman, now formally introduced, cordially took her hand, "he believes himself to be the owner of that antique ring advertised 'found' in this morning's *News*."

"You knew my mother?" said Rosetta, fixing upon his cold yet intense face such a look of kindling interest as no other form of introduction could have surprised from her.

"I not only knew her," he said, "but I was at one time indebted to her for a memorable kindness. At Paris during the winter of 1865 I saw much of her. You were then in school at Dresden, and she frequently mentioned her little daughter. I imagined you would have resembled her."

"No; I have only wished all my life that I *could* resemble her. Perhaps our very difference made me prize her more. She was my ideal—my angel!" Her voice faltered, but nothing could have been more unsympathetic than the manner of her auditors.

"The express object of sending for you," said Mrs. Clinton, in the crisp tone which invariably guarded any sign that might be betrayed of her natural affection for the only child, the orphan child, of her dearest school-mate, "was to have you show to Mr. Ward the ring which he fancies he can identify. You will excuse me if I leave you." Visitors had been shown into the drawing-room.

"And you will excuse me," said Mr. Ward, a few moments after Mrs. Clinton's departure, "if I delay the examination of this curious relic. It will hardly, I am convinced, excite another claimant, and I have an engagement"—he had glanced at his watch—"at precisely this hour. Will you let me consider—" They were passing out of the library into the hall as he completed a sentence to which Rosetta gave acquiescence.

Miss Carrington came down the broad staircase habited for a ride, smilingly flaunting her slender riding-whip, and flushed with pleasure. She started, surprised, when she saw these people together. To Mortimer she advanced with a graceful child-like sort of confiding welcome; but his companion she passed like a stranger, and with an air of hauteur unmistakably designed.

An hour after the spirited mounting and departure that explained Mr. Ward's engagement a wild thunder-storm broke upon the scene. The gale and rain lasted until sundown, and then lulled. Later a still wilder storm raged, and Mrs. Clinton's anxiety was aroused for her guests. They had started, she surmised, from a place of shelter, and had been overtaken by this fierce deluge, as in fact they were. They arrived at full speed, under a broadside of lightning, and thoroughly drenched.

Rosetta, who had dissipated in a few tears all lurking remembrance of Miss Carrington's disdain, and had shared miserably in the anxiety, now flew to greet her return. "Can I help you, dear Miss Anna?" she said.

"I need no help, thanks, but what Marie can give," was the answer, repellently cold.

So ended, suddenly and without explanation, the familiar confidences and happy times of friendship that had made Rosetta's summer glad. Mrs. Clinton, too, seemed from that night to cherish a vague displeasure toward the young governess. Mr. Ward failed to claim the privilege of another *tête-à-tête*. His time was fully occupied. The Newport season had reached its height. There were yacht excursions and *matinée dansantes* and *fêtes champêtres*, pigeon-shootings and dinners, *musicales* and balls. Miss Carrington and Mrs. Clinton were in a rush of excitement. Rosetta, forgotten, would have been lonely in the extreme but for the devotion of the little boys. These observant worshipers noticed in her a slight change.

"Miss Rosy," said Cal, "when I give you flowers you don't wear them as you used to; you put them right in water like mamma. Won't you please wear bouquets again in your pretty white waists, Miss Rose?"

Mortimer Ward and Charles Annesly escorted Mrs. Clinton and Miss Carrington to the crowning fête of the season, the F——s' ball. Miss Carrington—the picture was recalled with vivid minutiæ afterward—in her Paris dress of palest scarlet, ruffled with miles of narrow lace, tufted across bodice and sash with scarlet-tipped plumes, looked like some dazzling and exquisite bird. Marie, the French maid, who went to uncloak her, and take comprehensive peeps at toilets, returned to declare her own "mademoiselle" incomparably and above all "si charmante."

The subordinate members of Mrs. Clinton's establishment considered themselves favored that the immediate neighborhood of the F——s' cottage allowed them an "outside view." But their joy was obscured. The full moon arose clouded in sea-fog, and every thing was wrapped in a white veil. The thronging carriage lamps in gleaming isolation floated through the illumined mist. The ball-room lights glanced fitfully as the fog drifted, and the music, in broken snatches, crossed the lawn.

Rosetta, solitary upon the seaward piazza, was entranced by the delicious sounds and the strange, half-veiled, and yet exciting scene. Her feet kept time to the waltz; her eyes shone brightly into the white sea-fog that formed a camera to reflect her dreams. The ball-room, of whose blue-draped and balconied beauty she had enjoyed one daylight glimpse, her fancy pictured now without difficulty in its transfiguring grace of light and flowers and rhythmic dance.

"Let me see the ring," said Mortimer Ward. He had brought a piazza chair and seated himself beside her.

Without saying even, "I thought you were at the ball," or "How your coming startled me!" she drew the ring from her finger and put it in his hand.

He held it unexamined, repeating merely the engraved initials as a passport to his claim. "Did you know, Rosetta, that an unhappy story belonged to this little toy?"

If his presence had surprised her, his manner, his mode of address, surprised her still more.

"Mrs. Clinton told me in part," she said.

The "in part" was this. Ten years ago Mortimer Ward was young, talented, the heir of large estates, and in the horizon of the matrimonial world—a star of the first magnitude. Mrs. Reading, a widow of good family but exhausted means, made it her affair to woo this "bright particular star, and think to wed it"—to wed it, not with herself, but to her daughter. The daughter was just eighteen, ordinarily accomplished, more than ordinarily handsome, but, as every one said when the engagement was announced, "not half good enough for Mortimer Ward." They were married, however, and Mrs. Reading accompanied them to Europe. They spent a year in traveling, and their second winter in Paris. Then it appeared that the young wife had, before her marriage, contracted a secret attachment to her cousin. Meeting this cousin abroad, she allowed him to renew his attentions, screened for some time by his relationship, but resulting in a scandal, and finally an elopement. The deluded girl died three months afterward, and was buried at Naples.

Mortimer Ward added now the episode of the ring. "I was married," he said, "in late July, and intended to go abroad immediately; but Mrs. Reading unexpectedly desired to accompany us, and we waited for her a month. That month was spent at Newport. It was here that my wife one morning at the bathing beach lost her wedding-ring in the sea. We both regarded the loss superstitiously: she perhaps with some presentiment of her future, I with an endearment of the past; for the keepsake was given to me by my mother, who on her death-bed bestowed it, 'sacred to marriage.'"

He told Rosetta too, lingering there by her side—only parted from the F——s' ball by a fold of misty curtain and a few rods of greensward, and sharing its "music's voluptuous swell" and the faint exotic fragrance that subtly from its flower-thronged balconies flavored the sea air—how in the year of his unhappiness he had known her mother. "But for that friendship," he said, with an emphasis of tenderness more expressive than the words, "I should not have been in Newport this year."

Is it possible that sometimes affection, like the plants, has an under-ground growth, and coming close to air and sunlight, with leaf already budded and flower shaped in its heart, enters its new world without haste or effort or astonishment, or any shock but the surprise of delight?

However this may be, before Mortimer Ward's story was finished Rosetta's hand lay clasped in his, and their voices, tempered by emotion, had grown sweeter, lower, dangerous perhaps, for Mr. Ward arose suddenly. "It is time," he said, and he put the ring back upon her finger, "that you were at rest. I came on purpose to bid you 'good-night.'"

He said only "Good-night." But he said it with the bewitching accent of devotion; and Rosetta, whose heart had perfect simplicity, accepted an opened Eden of tenderness in that word.

She could not sleep—at least she thought she could not; but she must have fallen asleep near dawn, for she had the pleasure of awakening.

Never was a daybreak more fair. A pink glow flushed over the sea; a white star hung still in the pale heaven; a throng of little singing birds crested the hedges and the copse of hazel. The waves broke so gently they were only heard across one nearest reef.

School hours caught the day's calm. The boys, fond as they were, sometimes troubled; but to-day they were like Raphael's cherubs. To reward their angelic quiet Mrs. Clinton proposed the Cliff Walk.

It was late afternoon when Rosetta, accepting this proposition, drove down with Olly and Cal to "the boat-house," where the carriage road meets a seaward path. Alighting, they entered, at its most exciting detour, that enchanting ocean pass beloved by Newport as its Cliff Walk.

The children's favorite mode was to follow for brief distances here and there the graveled walk that edges the villa lawns, and thence make episodes "out to sea" upon the rocks. This time there was no variation in the method, but Rosetta's experience of it was entirely changed. Usually, in every excursion of the madcap boys upon the jagged and surf-swept points, she was in a fever of anxiety lest they should be hurt or ingulfed. But now happiness had its narcotic effect, and laved her nerves with balm. She felt no anxiety, and when the careering rogues in their wildest antics glanced toward her, expecting reproof, they saw only her serene face turned seaward, to study perhaps the flitting sea-gulls, or the sails that were so far off they seemed the sea-gulls' mates.

At sunset, slowly wending their way, they had reached that part of the walk where, dripping with spray, a cavernous arch looms sombrely over the course; and the precipitous bank, smoothly turfed, lifts a landward walk to a height that excludes all view but sky. Coming through the archway, and advancing a few steps, Rosetta, she knew not why, looked back.

The picture that she saw seemed painted in the sky. Ordinarily, the only object upon the bank that would have met her glance was a way-side bench; but now two ladies who had been seated upon that bench arose suddenly as a gentleman approached, and one of them, with a cry and an exclamation that Rosetta distinctly heard—heard as distinctly as she heard, not from a woman's lips, an answering and more fatal word—fell forward into his outstretched arms.

Mechanically Rosetta, with the children at her side, dragged herself along. Somewhere near Ysnaga Point a summer-house touched the path; and sighing, rather than saying, "Olly darling, keep my hand—Cal, my child, be quiet while I rest"—she drew them into the shelter, and sank upon the canopied bench. So fixedly her eyes gazed through the loop-hole of the rustic wall that Cal thought she saw some astonishing craft, and climbed up to explore.

And at that moment Mortimer Ward rushed by, his eyes as full of anguish as Rosetta's, his face pale like the dead.

"Ah! I could tell much days ago," said Marie, the French maid, "how mademoiselle complain herself ill. Since the day when she became drenched with storm she has been so very not well. The last night of ball she complain, but saying to me alway not to give the word. She was like fever, and then faint, faint. Ah, mademoiselle will, methink, die. Ah, how this house change, how in one week this house change!"

Changed, indeed, was the house since the evening of Mortimer Ward's mysteriously sudden departure. The illness of Anna Carrington was pronounced by the physicians so dangerous that friends at a distance had been summoned. Mrs. Clinton's radiant villa, "the gayest of the gay," knew only the hushed step, the low whisper, the oppressive atmosphere, of foreboding grief.

"Tell Rosetta to come," said at last the fever-stricken girl; and Rosetta crept noiselessly to the bedside where, after a night of delirium, the sufferer lay, sinking in strength every hour, but perfectly conscious and calm. "Let every one else," she said, "go away, and come close to me, Rosy, and give me your hand."

Rosetta knelt beside the pillow, and held the little wasted hand. Anna's voice was so weak that her words could hardly be distinguished; but "so unkind—have been so unkind to you," Rosetta heard, and softly protested. "You do not know how unkind." Then, gathering strength as she felt a loving sigh against her cheek and kisses on her hand, "The first moment I saw you together I knew he would love you in the end. When I was alone with him that time at the Casino, waiting for the storm to pass, if he had cared for me he could not have helped—I mean I should have known; and afterward, afterward, it was not *me*. Oh, Rosy, I was a vain, reckless, cruel girl. The night he hurried away to New York he left with me a note for *you*, and I would not give it. You must go and get it now. Take the key with the blue ribbon and open the upper drawer. Is it there? Then come back and put your arms around me. Do you *forgive* me, Rosy? Ah, you can not help forgiving a poor dying girl!"

"*I love you so much!*" said Rosetta, feeling only while both their cheeks were wet with her warm tears that she held in her arms her restored friend.

"I want you, dear"—the voice was failing now—"to do something for *me*: to go yourself to Charlie—you will find him at home, I know. Poor fellow! he has begged so hard to see me. Tell him I have cared for him through all; tell him he may announce our engagement. If I live I shall be his wife……Yes, life is sweet. I hope, I *hope* I shall not die. If I live I will be his true wife."

Rosetta, in solitude, remembering well the words she had heard exchanged between man and woman that fatal hour upon the cliff, read Mortimer Ward's parting note.

> "MY DEAR CHILD,—I am well aware that sentiment is conveyed by silence as comprehensively as by words. I knew that you understood all that I did not say to you last night, as I understood all that you did not say to me.
>
> "I followed you, to seal our silent compact by words.
>
> "It was not until the moment of the scene you witnessed, more startling to me than I can now explain, that I knew I was not a free man.
>
> "Rosetta, I *must* not be your lover; but if you ever need a friend, remember MORTIMER WARD."

The engagement of Charles Annesly and Anna Carrington was announced that night. And at noon the following day in all the beautiful, happy cottages along the cliff, where *her* beauty and her happiness had been, there was but one vision visiting and haunting every thought—the vision of the exquisite girl, the season's daintiest belle, as she looked that last night at the F——s' ball, wrapped in the pale flame of her scarlet robe—the dazzling little loadstar of the dance.

"Can it be possible," they said, "that she is *dead*?"

A year had passed, and along the Cliff Walk Mortimer Ward followed Rosetta again. To both the year had been one of sorrow, but sorrow was the background of joy. For Mortimer the ghosts of the past were laid. The event that in its startling revelation seemed to slay his hopes became a consolation. His wife, stung with remorse at the very outset of her lawless career, had disguised her existence by the rumor of "burial," and followed her husband across the sea. She had lived only to receive his forgiveness.

So it happened now, on one of Newport's own enchanting summer days, close by the sea—so near that its wild, delightful spray dashed over the rocks of Forty Steps, where, in the glow of sunset, they lingered till all other loiterers had gone—Rosetta's hand lay safely nestled in the hand of Mortimer Ward.

And Rosetta's ring, small enough to clasp the third finger of her left hand, became in the magic of his touch large enough to measure with its happy circlet the horjzon's round.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JANUARY

Friday,	1.—Circumcision.
Wednesday,	6.—Epiphany.
Sunday,	10.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	17.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	24.—Septuagesima Sunday.
Monday,	25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday,	31.—Sexagesima Sunday.

FEBRUARY.

Tuesday,	2.—Purification B. V. M.
Sunday,	7.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
Wednesday,	10.—Ash-Wednesday.
Sunday,	14.—First Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	21.—Second Sunday in Lent.
Wednesday,	24.—St. Matthias.
Sunday,	28.—Third Sunday in Lent.

Dean Stanley has introduced a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Dr. Caird, of Scotland, not exactly into the pulpit, but rather to the reading-desk of Westminster Abbey. The topic of his sermon was the "Suitableness of Christianity to all Ranks and Conditions of Men." The *Church Herald* complains bitterly of this violation or evasion of law; to this the London *Economist* replies that "it is a satire on the intelligence of English Churchmen that they should make a fuss because a learned and estimable Scotch clergyman preaches a sermon in a cathedral: as if the impress of an episcopal finger on any man's scalp could affect his influence for good or evil; as if the touch of Bishop Talleyrand de Perigord could have made a man more acceptable in the eyes of the Deity."

A German translation of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet is to be published in Munich. The translator is Dr. Max Loosen.

Though prohibited by the Bishop of Oxford from preaching in his diocese, Dr. Colenso preached in the chapel of Baliol College, which is not under the jurisdiction of the Oxford diocesan. He took for his text the concluding passage of the Book of Ecclesiastes, "Fear God, and keep His commandments," etc. The sermon, which was listened to by a great crowd of persons, did not touch upon any of his peculiar views. The corporation of the city of Oxford has placed at the disposal of Bishop Colenso any of the public buildings he may wish to use.

A meeting of the Dutch Old Catholic Chapter of Utrecht was expected to be held early in December for the election of a successor to the late Archbishop Loos. The position had been offered to Pastor Dispendaal and Canon Van Vlooten, but declined. It is intimated that the person on whom the choice of the Chapter is likely to fall does not sympathize with the Old Catholic movement in Germany.

The Diocesan Synod of Manchester, held November 26, in the cathedral, was very largely attended by the clergy of the diocese. The bishop, Dr. Fraser, is one of the ablest men of the English episcopal bench. In his opening address he spoke with great favor of the "Public Worship Regulation Act," and said that "he would not object to see the method of procedure provided by the act applied to morals and doctrine." He expressed the opinion that the doctrine of the eucharistic sacrifice, which vestments and the eastward position were intended to symbolize, could not be proved from Holy Scripture, and was repugnant to the teaching of the Church. A show of hands on the revision of the rubrics being called for, only twelve hands were raised in its favor.

An event important to Protestantism in France is the dedication of the independent church of M. Bersier, in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, Paris, the last Sunday in November. The building, which cost 300,000 francs, was filled with a congregation estimated at 3000 persons. The occasion was signalized by the first use of a liturgy prepared by M. Bersier himself, and introducing forms not hitherto usual among French Protestants.

The fight between the German government and the clergy of Posen has reached desperate extremities. The clergy refuse to tell the name of the apostolic legate who secretly administers the diocese. Three of them, who have issued marriage dispensations under his authority, have been imprisoned. As numbers of the expelled priests persist in returning to their parishes, the government has decided to confine all of them who are hereafter arrested on the island of Rügen, in the Baltic Sea.

"Evangelical Retreats" have been organized among the Low-Church clergymen of England. The first was held at Hampstead October 13, and was presided over by Canon Thorold. It lasted three days, the number attending being limited to thirty-six. The exercises consisted of the Holy Communion, prayer, addresses by the president, conversational study of Scripture, meditation, and free conversations. The Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, who reports the retreat, describes it as eminently satisfactory to all who attended it.

The Russian government has been so alarmed by the exodus of the Mennonites that it has sent General Todleben to negotiate the terms of a settlement which shall respect their religious scruples. The emperor offers to employ them during the period of their military service in civil occupations. They will have the choice of serving as foresters, as artisans, as firemen, and as hospital servants. After the expiration of their terms they are still to continue free from the obligation to bear arms. The Mennonites are inclined to accept these offers, provided they can have guarantees for the future.

Cardinal Guibert, the Archbishop of Paris, is announced as a candidate for the seat in the French Academy made vacant by the death of M. Guizot.

Last year committees of conference from the Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian denominations in Wisconsin were appointed to consider the best modes of promoting harmony and co-operation with each other. The meetings of the committees have resulted in the holding of a convention at Fond du Lac, December 21, to organize a state branch of the Evangelical Alliance, and to promote Christian unity.

In addition to Dr. Friedrich, Dr. Hirschwälder will take a chair in the Old Catholic Faculty at Berne.

A large conference of ministers was held in the city of Birmingham, on November 24, for the consideration of the present aspects of the cause of temperance in England. It was composed of both total abstainers and non-abstainers. A paper was read by the Rev. Charles Garrett, Wesleyan minister, on "the influence of the drinking customs of society on the work of the Church." A resolution declaring that intemperance is the greatest hinderance to the progress of Christianity in the United Kingdom was discussed by numerous speakers. This and similar resolutions were adopted. Sunday, April 25, 1875, was designated as a day of special prayer for the deliverance of the nation from intemperance.

The carriage of the Roman Catholic Bishop of St. John, New Brunswick, was sold, as announced, for the non-payment of the school tax, as was also the personal property of two cathedral priests. The Bishop has published a letter in one of the papers of St. John stating that he can not conscientiously pay the school tax imposed by the law of the Province.

The project of a Conference of the Evangelical Alliance in the city of Rome has received the assent of the Genevan Committee, and also that of Paris. The former say that "they highly approve the project as presented, and hope that, with the blessing of God, happy results may ensue for the union of Christians in the work of evangelization in Italy, and for the manifestation of faith in the vital doctrines of Christianity."

A Brazilian correspondent of the Chicago *Advance* furnishes some additional particulars of the conflict in that empire between the papacy and the state. All efforts made by the ultramontanes during the recent session of the Chambers to overthrow the ministry failed. Articles of impeachment against the ministers, offered just before the close of the session, were unanimously rejected.

The merit of being "the only German Baptist theological institution in the world" is claimed for the German Department of the Rochester Theological Seminary. It has two professors and thirty-two students.

A Convention of Liberal or Free Communion Baptists will be held November 19, 1875, at "Columbia Church, Indiana," for the purpose of organizing a general association. A committee of correspondence and invitation has been appointed.

There is some indication that the Southern Presbyterians, who at first declined to enter into the scheme of federation, will reconsider their decision. The *Central Presbyterian* says: "It is certain that the matter will be again brought to the attention of the Assembly by some of our own Presbyteries. While retaining our own organization and self-government intact, it can not be supposed that our Southern Presbyterian Church would wish to stand aloof from making common cause with the other great Presbyterian communions of the world in regard to those practical questions in which they have a common interest."

The question is frequently raised whether the increase of church membership outruns, in the United States, the ratio of the increase of the general population. As an example in one of our great cities, the *National Baptist* shows that the ratio of Baptist church members in Philadelphia to the whole population was in 1800, 1 to 299; in 1830, 1 to 79; in 1850, 1 to 55; in 1874, 1 to 44.

The Rev. Mr. Johnson, of the Protestant Episcopal church of Summerville, South Carolina, announced to his congregation on December 6 that, "after prayerful consideration," he had determined to join the Reformed Episcopal Church.

There are on the continent of Europe 263 Anglican chaplaincies maintained by the British government or by the voluntary contributions of English and American Episcopalians. Of these five are embassies of legation, supported by the government, eighteen are consular chaplaincies, partly so supported. Of the residue many are sustained by the Colonial and Continental Church Society of England, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The bishops of London and Gibraltar have episcopal supervision. The Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States has six chaplaincies on the Continent, of which two are said to be needed for the whole year. It is proposed that the English and American Episcopal Churches work in harmony in this field, and that American Episcopal clergymen take licenses in certain cases from the English bishops.

The Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington has declined to accept the position of Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Iowa. The episcopal salary was fixed by the late Convention at $2500.

The protest against the acceptance by the Duke of Abercorn of the Grand Mastership of the Freemasons of Ireland is still vigorously kept up by the Irish Catholic Union. The objection is that as the Viceroy administers a large amount of patronage, he will be subjected to suspicion among the Irish people if he is the recognized head of the Masonic fraternity. It is not intimated that the duke will reconsider his acceptance.

The *Southern Christian Advocate* explains the adverse votes of the Southern Methodist Annual Conferences upon the New Temperance Rule as by no means indicative of favor for the "liquor traffic." It says: "The amendment to the present rule was so unfortunately framed as to leave the impression upon many minds, as the discussion has plainly shown, that it means much more than its framers intended, and is at the same time no more efficient for the arrest of the evil against which it is aimed than the law as it now stands. In the light of this fact the adverse action of the Conferences furnishes no apology for or defense of the liquor traffic; and should any of our members so construe it, a firm administration of the law as it now stands is all that is necessary to convince them of their error."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Did you steal the complainant's coat?" asked a magistrate of a seedy individual who was arraigned before him. "I decline to gratify the morbid curiosity of the public by answering that question," responded the seedy individual, with a glance at the reporters.

The celebrated artist who crowed so naturally that the sun rose three hours before its time has recently finished a picture of the moon that's painted with such wonderful fidelity to nature that it can't be seen in the daytime.

A female applicant for aid appeared at the office of the director of the poor in Detroit the other day, with a sad and anxious look, and on being asked what she wanted, replied, "I'd like some money." "How much?" "Well, I can't say exactly. How much do you generally give out to them when they want to buy a bead belt?"

Where to go when short of Money—Go to work.

At Trafalgar two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies from the same little clachan, happened to be stationed near each other, when the celebrated intimation was displayed from the admiral's ship. "Look up and read yon, Jock," said one to the other; "'England expects every man to do his duty;' not a word frae puir auld Scotland on this occasion!" Jock cocked his eye at the object for a moment, and turning to his companion, thus addressed him: "Man, Geordie, is that a' your sense? Scotland kens well enough that her bairns will do their duty—that's just a hint to the Englishmen."

A cockney who lately crossed from Canada to Ogdensburg asked his hack driver as to the population and form of government of Ogdensburg. On being informed that it was an incorporated city, whose chief executive officer was a Mayor, he inquired, "And does the Mayor wear the insignia of office?" "Insignia! what's that?" asked the astonished hack-man. "Why, a chain about his neck," explained the cockney. "Oh, bless you, no!" responded the other; "he's perfectly harmless, and goes about loose."

Cross-examining a witness, a New York attorney asked, "Were you not, on the night on which you say you were robbed, in such a state of vinous excitement as to preclude the possibility of your comprehension of your situation with that accuracy and precision necessary to delineation of truth?"

While manipulating the windlass of a well the other night a party who had been laying in a store of whisky let the handle slip when the bucket was half-way up, and naturally enough received a chuck under the chin which knocked him over a neighboring fence. "Sold again!" he muttered, as he climbed to his feet. "Might 'a knowed—hic—better than to—hic—go foolin' roun' so much water. Betcher boots I'll stick t' whisky after this."

A quaint old gentleman, in speaking of the different allotments of men, by which some become useful citizens and others worthless vagrants, by way of illustration remarked, "So one slab of marble becomes a useful door-step, while another becomes a lying tombstone."

"Faith," said an Irishman, who could not get into his cabin at Ballingarry, his wife having turned the key upon him, "faith, it's meself that's regularly locked in." "In!" said his companion—"in where?" "Why, in the street."

Why is the frost like a hotel boots?—Because it changes one's shoes into slippers.

"Mr. Potter, I have been with you three months and you have not paid me. I am very poor, and deeply in debt for my board. My landlord says if I do not pay him to-day he will put me in jail." "Well, my boy," answered Potter, coolly, "you know if he puts you in jail you won't have to pay any board." This must have been consoling.

Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am still the same. —The postman.

"Oh, ma," said Miss M'Stinger, rushing in to her ma—"ma, what a very twelve-dozen creature our washer-woman is!" "Indeed, is she? And what's that, my dear?" quoth the admiring mamma. "Why, don't you know that twelve dozen is a gross," replied the astonished miss, "and gross is very coarse?" "Yes, of course. What a lovely thing education is, my child!"

The Duchess of Kingston was remarkable for having a high sense of her own dignity. Being one day detained in her carriage by the unloading of a cart of coals in a very narrow street, she leaned with both her arms upon the door and said to the man, "How dare you, sirrah, stop a woman of quality in the street?" "Woman of quality?" replied the man. "Yes, fellow," rejoined her Grace; "don't you see my arms on my carriage?" "Yes," replied he, "I do; and a pair of coarse arms they are."

THE CODE OF HONOR.

The barbarous practice of settling private quarrels by a resort to arms may be traced back to the very earliest times, when personal courage and skill in the use of weapons held the place of law. Patience under injury or insult being branded as cowardice, men were naturally impelled to avenge their wrongs and gratify personal resentment with the sword. In its earliest form the duel was probably a direct appeal to the Deity, under the persuasion that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe would infallibly declare for the innocent, and visit the perjured and the guilty with dishonor and death.

The practice was also in vogue among early Christian nations. Louis le Débonnaire of France permitted litigants to settle their disputes by the sword, and the same mode of trial was introduced into England, with other Norman customs, by William the Conqueror. Trial by battle soon degenerated, however, into a convenient pretext for gratifying private revenge under the sanction of law. During the Middle Ages duels multiplied greatly. The fierce and lawless barons disdained to submit their differences to any form of arbitration except that of the sword, and in some countries stringent laws were enacted to check the abuses arising from the practice. By the Truce of God, 1041, duels were prohibited between Wednesday and Monday, the intervening days being sacred to Christ's Passion. The duel as a judicial appeal was in vogue in France down to 1386, when Jacques Legris was accused of violence to a lady. He denied the crime, but being overcome in the ordeal of battle, was adjudged guilty and hanged. Subsequently another person confessed that he was the criminal. This made a profound impression, and led to the abolition of the judicial ordeal. The practice was not formally abolished in some other countries until many years afterward, but from this time it practically ceased, though isolated cases of later date occur. The trial by battle was claimed in England so late as 1818, in a case where a gentleman was accused of murder.

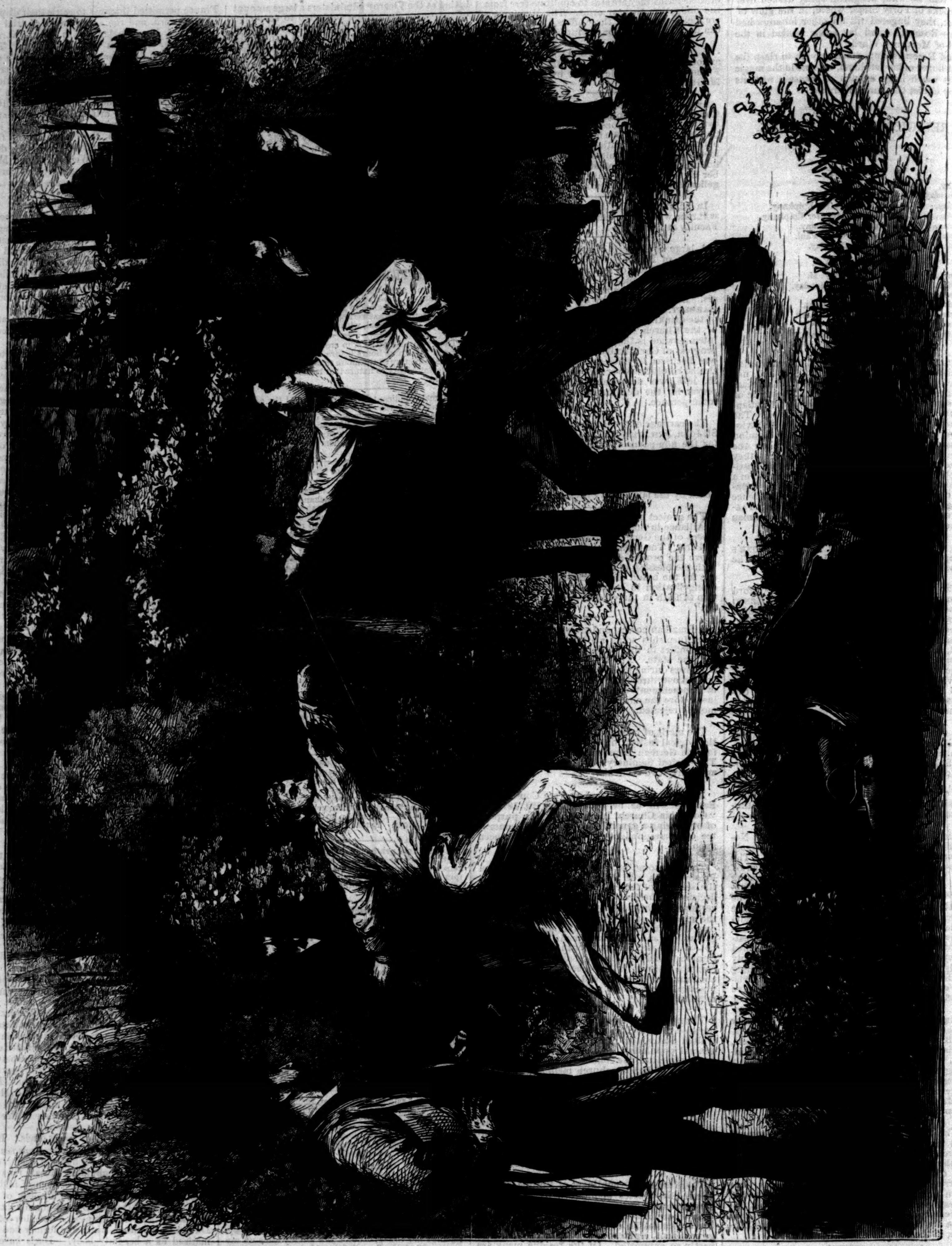
In no country has the duel prevailed to so great an extent as in France. Françis I. encouraged the practice on the principle that "the lie was never to be borne without satisfaction but by a base-born fellow." By challenging the Emperor Charles V. he set an example which his fierce and turbulent nobles were only too eager to follow, and under the countenance of their monarch indulged their native propensity to dueling to an extent which all the power of his successors was scarcely able to control. The power of the Church was frequently excited to restrain the bloody excesses that grew out of this practice. The Council of Trent excommunicated not only the combatants, but their associates, and even the spectators of a duel, declaring the custom to be detestable, introduced by Satan for the destruction of both body and soul. It adds that "all advisers, supporters, witnesses, or those in any way concerned, are likewise excommunicated. Princes also who connive at duels are to be deprived of all temporal power, jurisdiction, and dominion over the places where they have permitted duels to be fought." In the first eighteen years of the reign of Henri IV. no less than 4000 gentlemen are said to have perished by the duel, and that monarch endeavored, by the imposition of the severest penalties, to put an end to the barbarous custom. The passion for single combat continued, however, unabated through the reign of the succeeding monarch, and the common inquiry when acquaintances met was, "Who fought yesterday?" It was said that there was at that time scarce a Frenchman worth looking at who had not killed his man in a duel. The execution of two noblemen of high rank, who persisted in fighting a duel in defiance of the royal interdict, had some effect in checking the evil; but what contributed most to this end was an edict issued by Louis XIV., in 1679, with the solemn agreement entered into by the principal nobility, that "they would never fight a duel under any pretense whatever."

In Denmark dueling was not confined to men, and women who quarreled were not allowed champions, as in other countries, but were compelled to do their own fighting, though certain advantages were permitted them. In France, too, there have been instances of duels between women. Under the Regency Madame De Nasle and the Comtesse de Polignac fought for the possession of the Duc de Richelieu.

Dueling, as already stated, was introduced into England by William the Conqueror. The practice was common down to so late a period as 1774, in spite of many efforts on the part of the Church and the state to put it down. Its most flourishing period was after the Restoration, when Charles II. and his followers brought home so much that was bad and so little that was good from France. Among the noted duels of that time was the one that took place between the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Shrewsbury, in which the latter was killed. Lady Shrewsbury, on whose account the duel was fought, attended the duke as a page, and then passed the night with the murderer of her husband.

Ireland has been famous for its duels. In the latter part of the last century there was scarcely an Irishman of note who had not been "out," and many of them fought many times. Grattan and Curran, and many other men of high position, were among the noted duelists of that time. In 1815 Daniel O'Connell fought with and killed Mr. D'Esterre, a member of the Dublin Corporation, which the former had stigmatized as a beggarly body. Duels have not been so common in Scotland as in Ireland, because of the cooler disposition of the people. One of the most noted of the Scottish duels was that between James Stuart and Sir Alexander Boswell, in which the latter was killed. The duel grew out of gross newspaper attacks on the former. Stuart was tried for murder and acquitted. Francis Jeffrey, who was one of his counsel, went so far as to uphold dueling in certain cases, and boldly declared that the man who killed another under the circumstances that led Stuart to kill Boswell was not guilty of murder in any sense. Stuart was acquitted by the jury, and congratulated by the court. It is a singular circumstance that Boswell, when a member of Parliament, took an active part in securing the repeal of two old Scottish statutes against dueling, one of which made the mere fighting of a duel a capital offense.

The history of dueling in America would make



THE CODE OF HONOR—A DUEL IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, NEAR PARIS.

a large volume, the greater part of which would be devoted to the South and West, where the practice of single combat has flourished under the most sanguinary conditions. Nowhere in the world have more savage duels been fought. This was the case especially during the first half of this century. The bowie-knife or the pistol settled almost every quarrel, and the feuds thus engendered were sometimes carried on from father to son through several generations. We read of women whose husbands have been killed in duel bringing up their sons to avenge the father's death, and teaching them to make it the one object of life to kill his slayer. This practice does not properly belong to the "code," but it is the natural fruit of the barbarous system. In the Northern States public opinion has always been against dueling, but not from any lack of personal courage or low sense of personal honor among the people. The duelist is by no means necessarily a brave man; and it is a matter of fact that the braggart "fire-eaters" of the South were not among the men who fought so bravely and so long against the North. The moment actual fighting began they dropped out of sight. WASHINGTON approved of General GREENE'S course in declining a challenge, and President JACKSON, although he had killed a man in a duel, and had been engaged in several other affairs, in 1830 caused the names of four officers to be struck from the roll of the navy for being engaged in a duel. General ZACHARY TAYLOR, who was eminently a fighting soldier, looked with great contempt upon dueling.

The most celebrated American duel—celebrated because of the high position and the character of the persons engaged in the affair—was that between HAMILTON and BURR, which deprived the country of one of its foremost statesmen. Next stands that between Captain BARRON and Captain DECATUR, in which the latter was killed and the former severely wounded. DECATUR'S was not the only valuable life lost to our naval service in this way. Duels were once very common between the officers when in port; and one officer, who was accounted a very mild man, fought three in one day.

France still maintains her "bad eminence" in the matter of dueling, and affairs of honor are of frequent occurrence. Most of the Paris journalists are men of the sword as well as of the pen, and are always ready to give or accept a challenge. It has sometimes been said that the offensive personalities in which some of our American journals indulge will never cease until the editor is liable to be "called out." But the rule does not seem to work in the South and Southwest, or in Paris, where the liability exists in full force. Our illustration shows a French duel with the rapier. Duels between Parisians are usually fought in the Bois de Boulogne or the Bois de Vincennes. There are generally five persons present—the principals, the seconds, and a surgeon; sometimes, as in the picture, there are four seconds instead of two. As a rule, the duel takes place early in the morning, as soon as there is sufficient light for the purpose. The parties drive to the ground in ordinary cabs, using every precaution to avoid exciting the suspicion of the police. If the officers of the law happen to be inconveniently vigilant, the parties cross the Belgian frontier to fight.

THE DANGEROUS CLASSES AT THE SOUTH.

The latest exploit of the dangerous class at the South is one of the most horrible of all. The Vicksburg massacre seems to have been wholly without a cause, and the result of that rage for violence and bloodshed that marks the depraved and profligate young men of a land of ignorance and barbarity. No State, indeed, had heretofore shown clearer traits of reviving prosperity than Mississippi, and nowhere had life and person been apparently more secure. A republican government, mild, tolerant, and not inequitable, had slowly produced harmony among all its people; the productiveness of the State had returned; Vicksburg and Natchez had risen from their ruins; the laboring class worked cheerfully; and good morals, education, and religion were swiftly placing Mississippi in a high rank of civilization compared with disordered Louisiana or Arkansas. In fact, we had received from one of its white citizens, apparently an honest and intelligent witness, an indignant reproof because we had denounced the White League of the South in no gentle phrases. He denied that it existed. He described the happy condition of his own county, where the whites were in the majority, yet where the colored children went freely to their schools; where the teachers were well paid, both white and colored; where "three out of five of the Board of Supervisors were black men;" where the two races lived together in perfect friendship and peace, and nothing remained to mar the work of reconstruction. "When I witness all these things," our correspondent added, "and reflect that we are only an average Southern community, I am indignant and insulted at the slanders referred to." We had never, indeed, alluded to Mississippi, and had spoken only of States in which the White League ruled. But unhappily the prosperity and good fortune of Mississippi have excited the malice of the secret assassins, and the dreadful deeds they have committed in Louisiana and Arkansas have been surpassed by the massacre of Vicksburg. The White Leaguers are evidently resolved that the harmony and progress described by our correspondent shall exist no longer. They have brought bloodshed and war into the hapless community. They have sown the seeds of endless enmity. The same demoniac wickedness which marked them at Coushatta or Grant Parish, in Texas and Alabama, Kentucky and Tennessee, has risen to an extraordinary excess in Mississippi, and they have shot down helpless and harmless colored people as they begged for mercy or fled terrified to their homes.

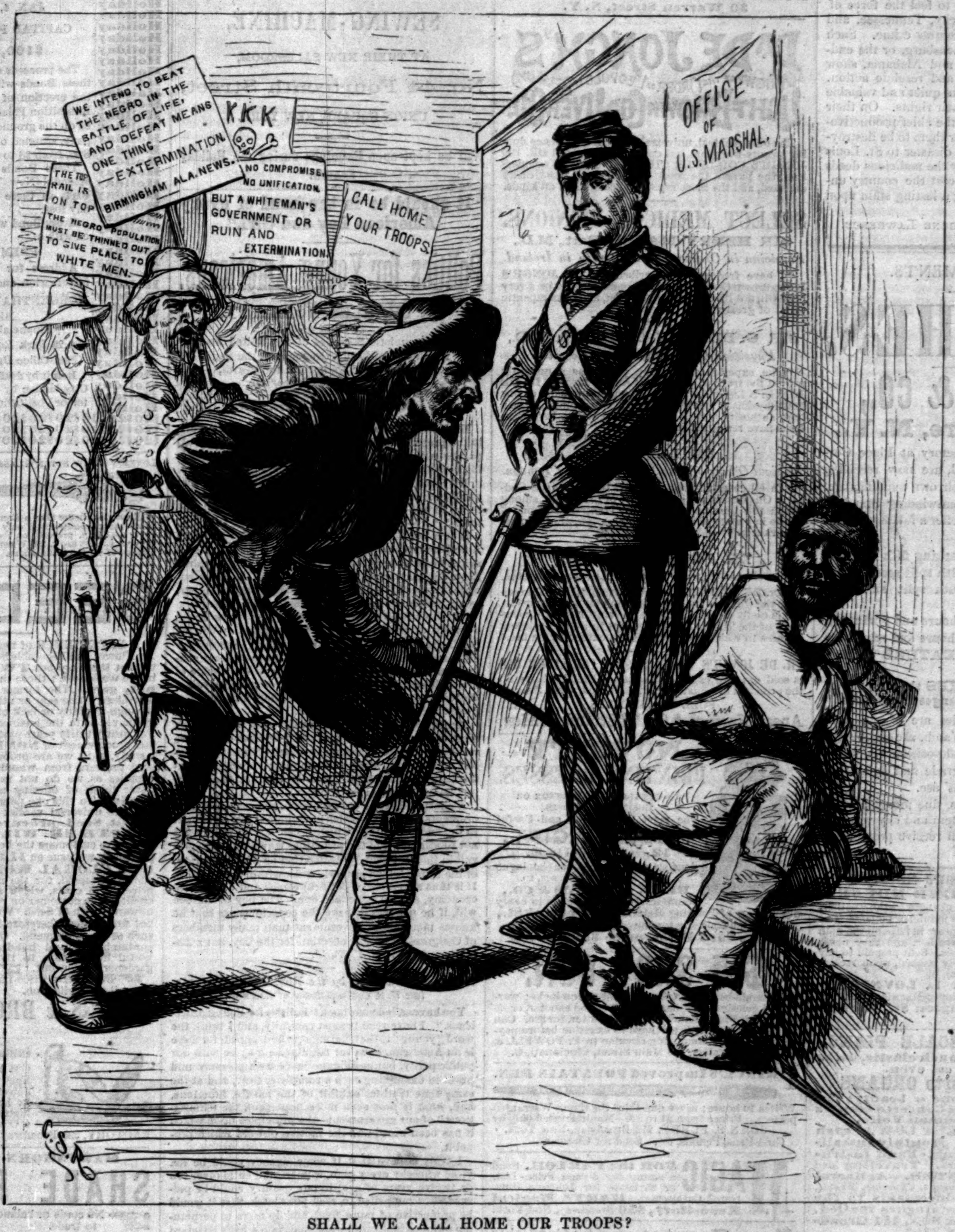
The story, indeed, is so shocking as to be incredible if it had not been told by the latest appliances of modern civilization. Such horrible monsters apparently do not exist upon the earth as these "blood-bespattered young men of the South," to use the epithet of the *Times* correspondent. The White Leaguers had planned their bloody deed with that low cunning that every where marks them. They procured the indictment of the colored officials of Vicksburg, it is stated, by intimidation, for various offenses. They called a meeting of the white citizens, and declared that the time for action had come. They went to the colored Sheriff, Crosby, the School Superintendent, Cardoza, and others, and ordered them to resign their offices, and threatened to hang them if they resisted. The colored men fled from the town; but Governor Ames denounced the conduct of the rioters, and a considerable number of colored people from the country approached Vicksburg to defend the men whom they had elected to office. Yet they had made no hostile demonstration, nor had apparently designed any. But the White Leaguers had now the opportunity they desired. They began at once the massacre of the negroes. Their first victim was a colored Presbyterian clergyman, whom they seem to have murdered in the street in an excess of malice. They then pursued the colored people into the country, and butchered them without mercy. Some were shot as they knelt in prayer, some as they fled from their pursuers. It is not pretended that the negroes made any resistance, and scarcely that they gave the least provocation. The number killed is stated at from one to two hundred, but it is probable, as in the similar massacres in Louisiana or Alabama, that the true number of the victims will never be known. The assassins next called a meeting of the citizens of the town, prepared an address to the people of the country, in which they confess their own violation of the laws, and which was signed by presidents of banks and other "leading" men of the place—we trust not of their own free-will—and assured the country that peace once more reigned in Vicksburg. The associated telegraph company, so often the apologist for the murderers of Alabama and Louisiana, gave the first news of the massacre to the North in the chosen words of the conspirators against the peace of Mississippi. But Governor Ames and various trustworthy eye-witnesses of the terrible scene attest its horrors and the innocence of the colored officials. It is stated that detachments from the White League of Louisiana lent the aid of their experience to their allies in Mississippi, and shared their guilt. It is probable that the whole infamous association is every where planning mischief.

We suggested some months ago that the success of the Democratic party at the North must encourage the dangerous classes in the Southern States to new outrages, and endanger the lives of the white and colored Republicans, not because we thought that the more intelligent members of the Democracy were willing to share in the crimes of the White Leaguers, but because the White Leaguers were so ignorant as to believe them capable of doing so. They evidently fancy that the recent election was an implied approval of all their acts, and have begun a war against all the Republican governments at the South. To this degree the Democracy must be held responsible for the recent disorders and massacres in the Southern States, and it would seem their especial duty to show in some plain way their abhorrence of such methods of gaining political power, so shameful and so perilous to freedom. But still more is it the duty of Republicans to rise from their lethargy and re-assert that strength which they really possess in every Northern State. Let the people show their hatred for murder and violence in all the new elections. Nothing but the defeat of Republicanism has made New Orleans rebellious and Vicksburg a scene of bloodshed. Nor can any thing restore peace to Mississippi, Arkansas, or Louisiana but a perfect union of the North, East, West, in a resolute policy toward the Southern marauders. In their own section there is nothing that can resist them. Their press is dumb; the wiser majority in every Southern State, who, no doubt, fear and abhor the murderous company, are powerless before it. This desperate class of men drove the South into rebellion fourteen years ago, and left it shorn of its wealth and honor, plunged in intolerable poverty, and clamorous for the national aid.

The White League of 1860 was composed of the same elements of cruelty and ignorance that now mark its successor of 1874. And the people of the South were driven into the civil war often with the knives of the assassins at their breasts. At its close, when peace and repose might have restored a new prosperity to the fair land from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, the White League once more interfered. In the form of the Ku-Klux it spread terror and bloodshed through every Southern State, and checked that influx of immigration and capital which was alone needed to make Georgia and Mississippi as prosperous and as happy as the great Northwest. Its fatal influence was strikingly apparent in Louisiana. During the period from the close of the rebellion to the year 1868 a remarkable prosperity seemed to have dawned upon the State. Its fertile lands were eagerly sought for; a tide of immigration flowed in upon it; New Orleans was full of commercial activity, and its shops and warehouses, hotels and private buildings, could scarcely contain the growing population or the active trade. In 1867 the Ku-Klux association began its assassinations and outrages, and capital, immigration, and commerce fled at once from the distressed community. Since 1868 the fear of its dangerous class and the constant insecurity of life and property have made New Orleans no attractive place for merchants and mechanics. Its shops and houses are untenanted, or let for only a meagre return; its streets have been the scene of frequent conflicts between the White Leaguers and their opponents; and in the maddest of their recent outbreaks, when they held the city for two or three days, the lives of the most conspicuous Democrats who counseled moderation and compromise were in plain danger from their murderous allies. The majority were forced to follow the guidance of the most violent and least reputable of their own party, and countenance a scene of massacre and woe. The New Orleans *Times*, a paper strongly Democratic, yet apparently opposed to riot and murder, seems to have felt itself in danger. It was threatened with suppression, yet it bravely defied the White Leaguers in the midst of their brief power. It denounced the "braggart and boasting Bobadils of the ultra-Southern journals," and warned New Orleans of the perils of treason. Yet the dangerous classes have evidently overpowered the moderate opposition in Louisiana and Mississippi, and their reign of terror has reached at last to Vicksburg. They are united, unsparing, of savage cruelty, yet need but to be resisted to be overthrown.

The moderate Democracy at the South has plainly lost all control over the violent members of its party, and it is quite impossible to say where this spirit of massacre may not reach. The whole people may soon be forced to interfere in order to save the South from utter ruin. Yet it is with natural regret that one must survey the fate of this fair territory, reaching from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, so full of the finest attributes of nature, so fitted to make millions happy and prosperous, suddenly checked in its new career of progress, deprived of education, peace, repose, turned back into a savage barbarism, and ruled by a class of men whose brutality, ignorance, and cruelty seem doubly monstrous in the light of a general civilization. It is only in the return to republican principles and a severe enforcement of good order that the Southern States can hope for an escape from the control of their criminal classes.

Recent reports from the neighborhood of Shreveport show that that whole section of country has fallen into a kind of anarchy. General Merrill, a brave and cultivated officer, noted for having suppressed the Ku-Klux of South Carolina, has re-established order in the town itself, but through all the inland districts of Northwestern Louisiana there is neither law nor justice, no safety for human life nor security for property. The White Leaguers hunt the negroes from their farms and homes to the woods, and shoot them as they formerly shot fugitive slaves. A newspaper in Shreveport directs the assassinations, and advocates a war of races. The same bitter hostility, we are told by the colored people, who seem to have but scanty means of relating their wrongs to the public, prevails through Georgia and Alabama. The courts deny them justice, the White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SHALL WE CALL HOME OUR TROOPS?

"We intend to beat the Negro in the battle of life, and defeat means one thing—Extermination."—*Birmingham (Alabama) News.*

Leaguers rob them of their wages. They plan a general emigration, but scarcely know where to go. The plots of the White League already threaten the peace of the Carolinas and the Virginias. Anarchy and ruin hang over the South, and the lawless deeds of a small minority of its population have made land almost valueless in Georgia, and threaten to leave Louisiana in great part an uncultivated waste.

To remedy these disorders is the first step in restoring the prosperity of the Southern States, and in this labor public opinion will have a large share. There is a general desire that every official at the South who betrays his trust should be punished; that every white or colored man who is a peculator or a thief should feel all the severity of the law. But the massacres of the White Leaguers are evidently done not to enforce law, but to destroy it. Their pretenses are falsehoods, their aim the general ruin. Against them the press may well direct all its weapons. Already they are beginning to feel the force of public opinion, and Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia labor honestly to repress crime. Such horrible deeds as that at Vicksburg, or the endless outrages in Louisiana and Alabama, show the need of some vigorous and resolute action. The colored people will make quiet and valuable citizens if protected in all their rights. On their industry and progress rests the chief productiveness of the South. To suffer them to be destroyed would bring commercial disaster to St. Louis and New York; and already the malicious deeds of the White League have cost the country untold millions, besides fixing a lasting stain upon its humanity.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

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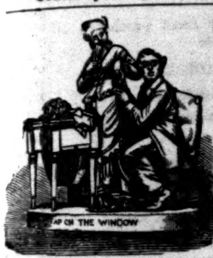

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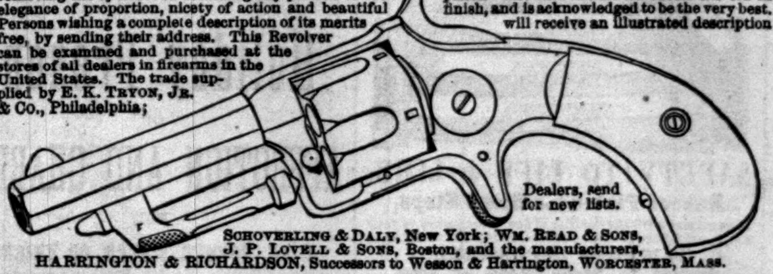

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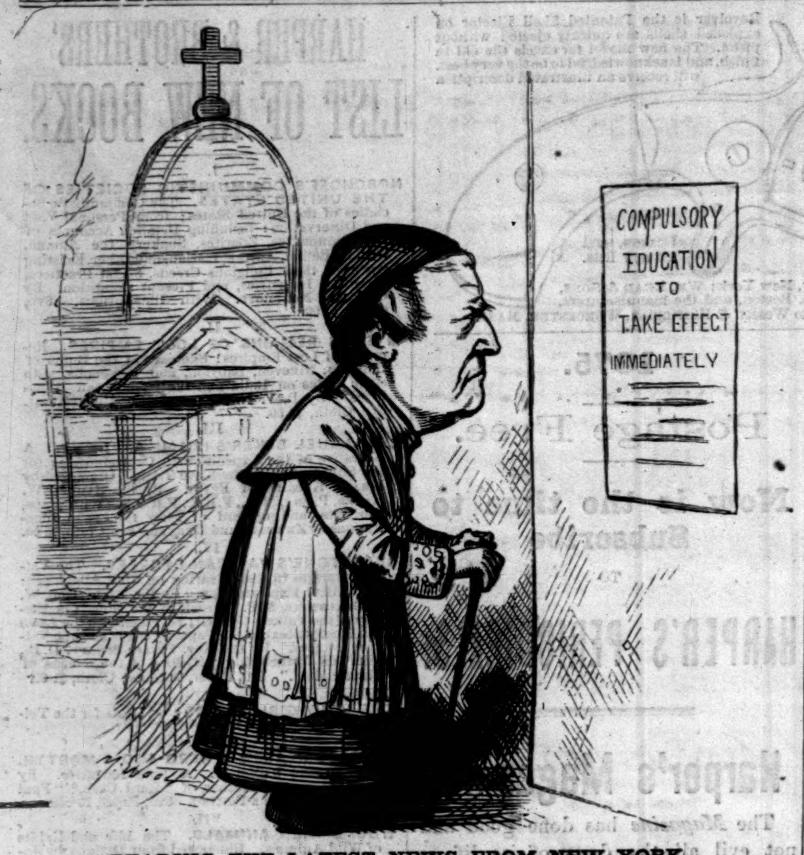

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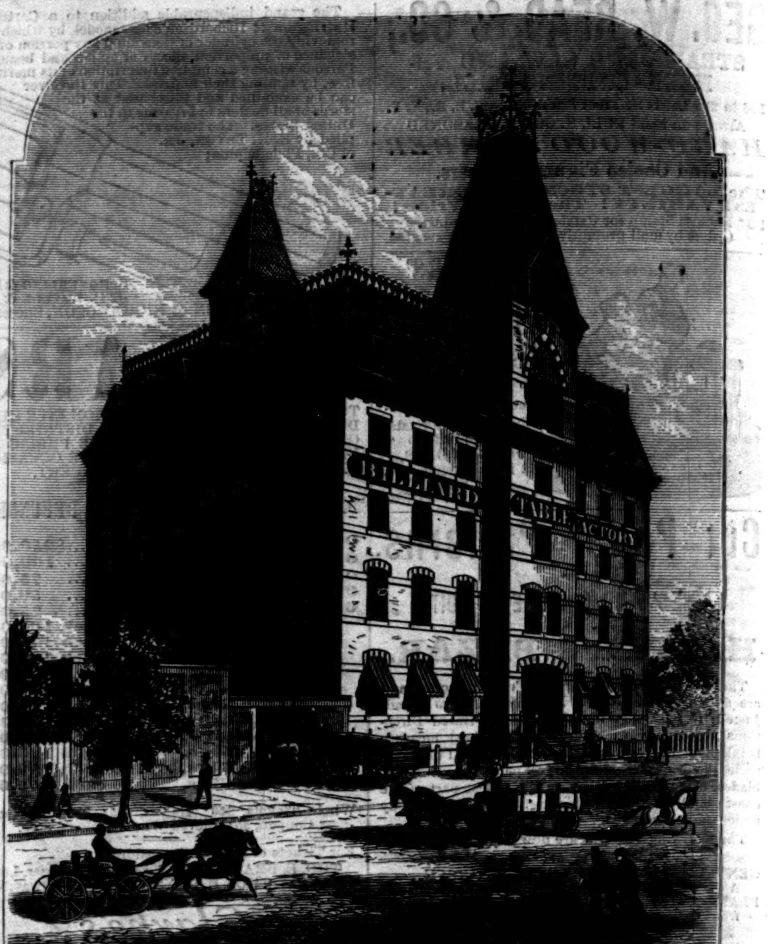

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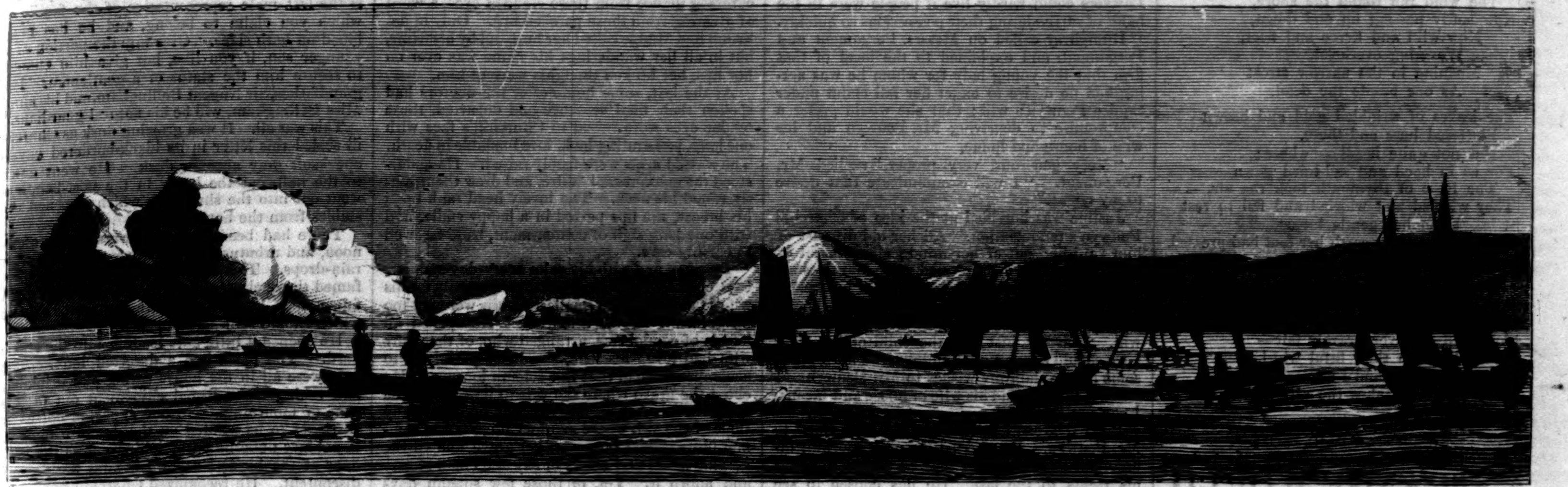
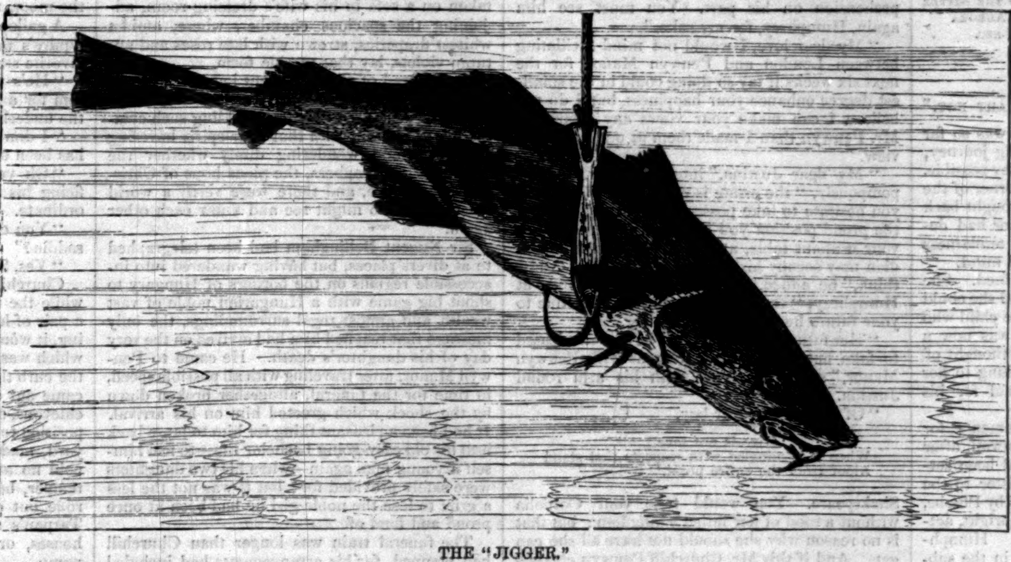
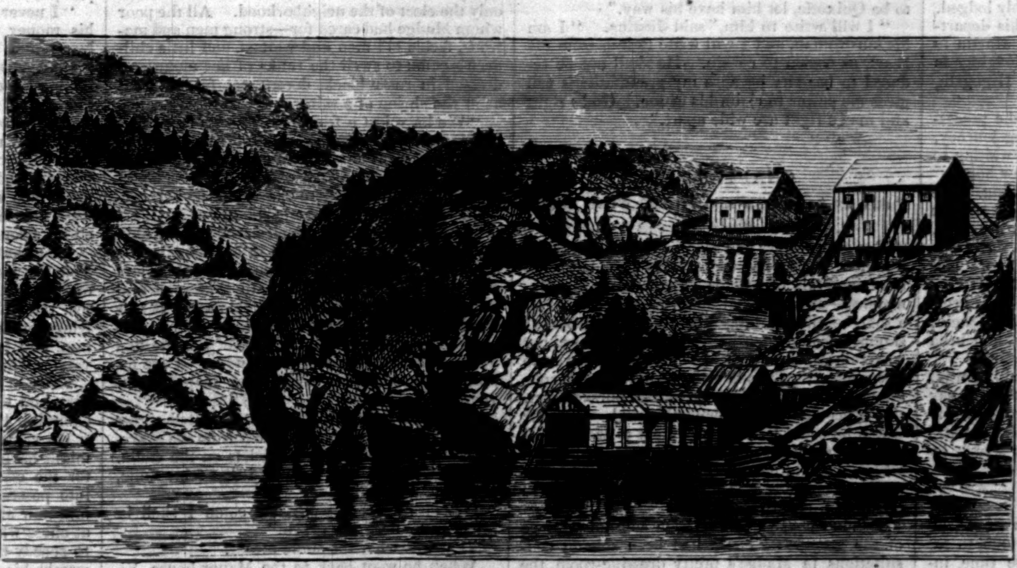
THE COD-FISHERY OFF NEWFOUNDLAND.



OFF THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND.



THE "JIGGER."



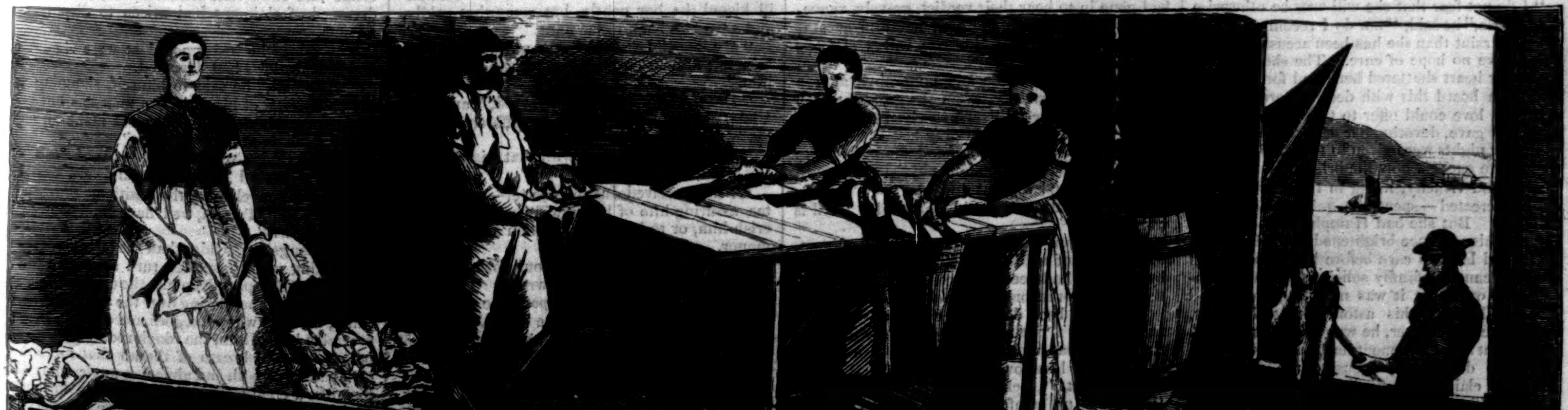
CURING SHED AND FISHERMEN'S HOUSES.

FOR more than three hundred years the cod-fishery has been carried on in the bays and on the banks of Newfoundland. The cod is very prolific. Specimens of the female have been taken that contained upward of 8,000,000 eggs. Were all these to come to maturity, a pair of cod would in a few years fill the ocean; and though only a small percentage of the fish attains full growth, it is not surprising that, with the exception of some of the shore fisheries, no serious diminution of the supply has been observed. The explanation of the growing scarcity of cod in Conception and Trinity bays, and some other places once famous for their abundance, is that they are not migratory in their habits. There are great fish colonies along the coast and on the banks, and each colony having its own feeding ground, from which it moves only to the spawning ground—from deep to shallow water. It is a curious fact that they do not intermingle nor invade each other's domains. Not only do the bank and shore fish keep to their respective homes, but the shore colonies do not migrate from one bay to another. This is proved by the fact that the cod of different localities are marked by distinctive features and qualities. It is only in the smaller colonies, however, where constant and heavy draughts are made by the fishermen, that any serious diminution has been perceived. On the Grand Bank the numbers seem to be inexhaustible; and it is owing to the decrease in the shore fisheries that the average catch of cod-fish now is not greater than it was fifty years ago, though many thousand more hands are now engaged in the business.

There are many species of cod, that with which the world is most familiar as an article of food being the common or bank cod taken on the Grand Bank, in the deep water off the coast of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and Labrador; it is met with, in fact, from the coast of Maine to latitude 67° N. It is a thick, heavy fish, sometimes attaining the weight of ninety pounds. The cod is an exceedingly voracious creature, devouring indiscriminately every thing that comes in its way in the shape of small fish, crustacea, marine worms, and shell-fish. It is, indeed, a great collector of deep-sea specimens otherwise unattainable; and from its capacious and not overfastidious stomach naturalists have obtained many rare and beautiful shells, never found in any other way, to enrich their collections.

Our illustrations show some of the features of cod-fishing along the coast of Newfoundland. In the month of May the greater part of the inhabitants take to their boats, and, as bait is not available, proceed to catch the fish by means of the "jigger." This is a piece of lead cast in the shape of a fish, and having two stout hooks, facing opposite ways, inserted at the head. This instrument is attached to an ordinary fishing-line and lowered to the depth at which the cod are supposed to be. It is then kept in motion by a series of upward jerks. The fish, attracted by the glittering object, play around it, and many of them are impaled on the hooks. This method of fishing is more successful than might be supposed. As many as seven quintals have been caught by two men in a day. The quintal being one hundred-weight of dried fish, and the fish losing two-thirds of its weight in cleaning and drying, the seven quintals would be equivalent to twenty-one hundred-weight of fresh fish.

At evening, or as soon as a boat-load is caught, the fish are taken to the "stage"—a wooden shed built partly on piles—and thrown out on the floor. Each fish is seized by the "throat-cutter;" he passes it to the "cleaner," who slides it along to the "splitter." Finally it is thrown, mutilated and flattened, to the "salter," on whose judgment and skill depends the success of the whole business. If too little salt is used, the fish will spoil; if too much, it is "salt-burned," and can be sold only as an inferior quality. The fish are afterward spread out on platforms, covered with spruce boughs, to dry, three days of fine weather being generally sufficient for this operation.



INTERIOR OF THE SHED.

HER PICTURE.

Autumn was cold in Plymouth town:
The wind ran round the shore,
Now softly passing up and down,
Now wild and fierce and fleet,
Wavering overhead,
Moaning in the narrow street
As one beside the dead.

The leaves of wrinkled gold and brown
Fluttered here and there,
But not quite heedless where;
For as in hood and sad-hued gown
The Rose of Plymouth took the air,
They whirled and whirled and fell to rest
Upon her gentle breast,
Then on the happy earth her foot had pressed.

Autumn is wild in Plymouth town,
Barren and bleak and cold,
And still the dead leaves flutter down
As the years grow old.
And still—forever gravely fair—
Beneath their fitful whirl,
New England's sweetest girl,
Rose Standish, takes the air.

(Concluded from No. 940, page 19.)
[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "To the Bitter End," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Aurora Floyd," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER LVI.

"FOR ALL IS DARK WHERE THOU ART NOT."

Before the week was out Muriel was so far recovered as to be able to bear a long journey, and so tranquil as to render that journey possible. Her couch had been wheeled into a corner of the family sitting-room—she had been brought back into the household life, and her father had devoted himself to her with a quiet tenderness which went far to soothe her troubled mind.

The old hallucinations still remained. She spoke of George Penwyn as living, and she could not be brought to understand that the child who had been taken from her an infant was now a woman. She had little memory—no thought of the past or of the future—but she clung to her father affectionately, and was grateful for his love.

Humphrey had made all arrangements for Muriel's journey before leaving Cornwall, after his interview with Churchill. It had been settled that Martin should bring his sister to the neighborhood of London, accompanied by Phœbe, as her attendant. This Phœbe was a bright, active girl, quite able to manage Muriel. Humphrey was to find pleasant apartments in the suburbs, where Muriel might be comfortably lodged. In less than twenty-four hours after his departure from Borcel he had telegraphed Martin to the effect that he had found pleasant lodgings in a house between Kentish Town and Highgate, where there was a good garden.

Three days later Muriel came to take possession of them, worn out with the long journey, but very tranquil. Her daughter was waiting to receive her on the threshold of this new home.

Very sad, very strange was that meeting. The mother could not be made to comprehend that this noble-looking girl who held her in her arms, and sustained her feeble steps, was verily the child she had been robbed of years ago. Her darling was to her mind still an infant. If they had placed some feeble wailing babe in her arms and called it hers, she would have believed them, and hugged the imposter to her breast and been happy; but she did not believe in Justina.

"You are very kind to me," she said, gently, "and I like you; but it is foolish of them to say you are my child. I am a little wrong in my head, I know, but not so silly as to believe that."

On one occasion she was suddenly struck by Justina's likeness to her father.

"You are like George," she said. "Are you his sister?"

Humphrey brought a famous doctor from Cavendish Square, one of the kindest of men, to see Muriel. He talked to her for some time, inquired into the history of her malady, and considered her attentively. His verdict was that her case was hopeless.

"I do not fear that she will ever be otherwise than gentle," he said, "nor do I recommend any more restraint than she has been accustomed to; but I have no hope of cure. The shock which broke her heart shattered her mind forever."

Justina heard this with deepest sorrow. All that filial love could offer to this gentle sufferer she freely gave, devoting her days to her mother, while her nights were given to the public. None could have guessed how the brilliant actress—all sparkle and vivacity, living in the character her art had created—spent the quiet hours of her daily life. But she had Humphrey always near her, and his presence brightened every hour.

He had laid his case before his lawyers, and even the cautious family solicitor had been compelled to own that it was not altogether a bad case. What was his astonishment, however, when, three days later, he was told that Messrs. Pergament and Pergament had met his solicitors, examined documents, discussed the merits of Justina's claim, and finally pronounced their client's willingness to surrender the estate, in its entirety, without litigation.

"But I told Mr. Penwyn of his cousin's willingness to accept a compromise, to take half the value of the estate, and leave him in possession of the land," said Humphrey.

"Mr. Penwyn elects to surrender the estate altogether. An eccentric gentleman, evidently."

"Then the whole business is settled—there will be no lawsuit?"

"Apparently not," said the solicitor, dryly. Lawyers could hardly live if people were in the habit of surrendering their possessions so quickly.

Humphrey called on Messrs. Pergament and Pergament, and explained to the head of that firm that the young lady for whom he was acting had no desire to exact her full claim under Squire Penwyn's will; that she would prefer a compromise to depriving Mr. Penwyn and his wife of house and home.

"Very generous, very proper," replied Mr. Pergament. "I will communicate that desire to my client."

Justina was horrified at the idea of Churchill Penwyn's renunciation. All her old distrust of him vanished out of her mind; she thought of him as generous, disinterested, abandoning estate and position from an exalted sense of justice.

"But it is not justice," she argued, "though it may be right according to my grandfather's will. It is not just that the child of the elder born should take all. Humphrey, you must make some one explain my wishes to Mr. Penwyn. I will not rob him and his wife of house and means. I can not have such a sin upon my head."

"My dearest, I fully explained your views to Mr. Penwyn. He treated me with scornful indifference, and declared that he would fight for his rights to the last. He has chosen to see things in a new light since then. His line of conduct is beyond my comprehension."

"There must be some mistake, some misapprehension on his part. You must see him again, Humphrey, for my sake."

"My dear love, I would not mind oscillating between London and Penwyn Manor for the next six weeks if my so doing could in the smallest degree enhance your happiness, but I do not believe I can make your views any clearer to Mr. Penwyn than I made them at our last interview."

"My dear Justina," interposed Mr. Elgood, pompously, "the estate is yours, and why should you hesitate to take possession of it. Think of the proud position you will hold in the county; your brilliant table, at which the humble comedian may occupy his unobtrusive corner. And I think," he added, with a conciliatory glance at Humphrey, "there is some consideration due to your future husband in this matter."

"Her future husband would be as well pleased to take her without a shilling as with Penwyn Manor," said Humphrey, with his arm round Justina.

"Of course, my dear boy,

'Love is not love
When it is mingled with respects that stand
Aloof from the entire point.'

Shakspeare. You would take your Cordelia without a rood of her father's kingdom; but that is no reason why she should not have all she can get. And if this Mr. Churchill Penwyn chooses to be Quixotic, let him have his way."

"I will write to him," said Justina. "I am his kinswoman, and I will write to him from my heart, as cousin to cousin. He shall not be reduced to beggary because my grandfather's will gives me power to claim his estate. God's right and man's right are wide apart."

CHAPTER LVII.

"BUT IN SOMEWISE ALL THINGS WEAR ROUND BETIMES."

For fifteen days and nights Churchill Penwyn watched beside his wife's bed, with but such brief intervals of rest as exhausted nature demanded—an occasional hour, when, prostrate on a sofa, he allowed himself to fall into a troubled slumber, from which he would start into sudden wakefulness, unrefreshed, but with no power to sleep longer. Even in sleep he did not lose consciousness. One awful idea forever pursued him, the expectation of an inevitable end. She, for whom he could have been content to sacrifice all that earth can give of fame or fortune—she with whom it would have been sweet to him to begin a life of care and toil, his idolized wife—was to be taken from him.

London physicians had been summoned, two of the greatest. There had been solemn consultations in Madge's pretty dressing-room, the room where she had been so utterly happy in the first bright years of her wedded life; and after each council of medical authorities Churchill had gone in to hear their verdict, gravely, vaguely delivered—a verdict which left him at sea, tempest-tossed by the alternate waves of hope and fear.

There had come one awful morning, after a fortnight's uncertainty, when the great London physician and Dr. Hillyard received him in absolute silence. The little gray-haired Seacomb doctor turned away his face, and shuffled over to the window; the London physician grasped Churchill's hand without a word.

"I understand you," said Churchill. "All is over."

His calm tone surprised the two medical men, but the man of wider experience was not deceived by it. He had seen that quiet manner, heard that cold expressionless tone too often before.

"All has been done that could be done," he said, kindly. "It may be a comfort for you to remember that in days to come, however little it lessens your loss now."

"Comfort!" echoed Churchill, drearily. "There is no comfort for me without her. I thank you for having done your uttermost, Dr. Woolcomb, and you too, Dr. Hillyard. I will go back to her."

He left them without another word, and returned to the darkened room where Madge Penwyn's brief life was drifting fast to its untimely close, under the despairing eyes of her sister Viola, who from first to last had shared Churchill's watch.

But seldom had either of these two won a recognizing glance from those clouded eyes, a word of greeting from those parched lips. Only in delirium had Madge called her husband by his name, but in all her wanderings his name was ever on her lips, her broken thoughts were of him.

At the last, some hours after the doctors had spoken their final sentence and departed, those tender eyes were raised to Churchill's face with one long, penetrating look, love ineffable in death. The wasted arms were feebly raised. He understood the unexpressed desire, and drew them gently round his neck. The lovely head sank upon his breast, the lips parted in a happy smile, and with one long sigh of contentment, bade farewell to earthly care.

Tearless, and with his calm every-day manner, Churchill Penwyn made all arrangements for his wife's funeral. The smallest details were not too insignificant for his attention. He opened all letters of condolence, arranged who, of the many who had loved his wife, should be permitted to accompany her in that last solemn journey. He chose the grave where she was to lie—not in the stony vault of the Penwyns, but on the sunny slope of the hill, where summer breezes and summer birds should flit across her grave, and all the varying lights and colors of sky and cloud glorify and adorn it. Yet, in those few solemn days between death and burial, he contrived to spend the greater part of his time near that beloved clay. His only rest, or pretense of rest, was taken on a sofa in his wife's dressing-room, adjoining the spacious chamber, where, amidst whitest draperies, strewn with late roses and autumn violets, lay that marble form.

In the dead of night he spent long hours alone in that taper-lit death-chamber, kneeling beside the snowy bed—kneeling, and holding such commune as he might with that dear spirit hovering near him, and wondering dimly whether the dreams of philosophers, the pious hope of Christians, were true, and there were verily a world where they two might see and know each other again.

Sir Nugent Bellingham had been telegraphed to at divers places, but having wandered into inaccessible regions on the borders of Hungary to shoot big game with a Hungarian noble of vast wealth and almost regal surroundings, the only message that reached him had arrived on the very day of his daughter's death. He came to Penwyn Manor, after traveling with all possible speed, in time for the funeral, altogether broken down by the shock which greeted him on his arrival. It had been a pleasant thing for him to lapse back into his old easy-going bachelor life—to feel himself a young man again—when his two daughters were safely provided for; but it was not the less a grief to lose the noble girl he had been at once proud and fond of.

The funeral train was longer than Churchill had planned, for his arrangements had included only the elect of the neighborhood. All the poor whom Madge had cared for—strong men and matrons, feeble old men and women, and little children—came to swell the ranks of her mourners, dressed in rusty black, decent, tearful, reverent as at the shrine of a saint.

"We have lost a friend such as we never had before and shall never see again." That was the cry which went up from Penwyn village, and many a hamlet far afield, whither Madge's bounty had penetrated, where the sound of her carriage wheels had been the harbinger of joy.

Churchill had a strange pleasure, so near akin to sharpest pain, as he stood in his place by the open grave on a sunless autumn morning, and saw the church-yard filled with that mournful crowd. She was honored and beloved. It was something to have won this for her—for her who had died for love of him. Yes, of that he had no doubt. His own sin had slain her. Care for him, remorse for his crime, had snapped that young life.

A curious smile, cold as winter, flitted across Churchill's face as he turned away from the grave, after dropping a shower of violets on the coffin. Some among the crowd noticed that faint smile, and wondered at it.

"Before another week has come I shall be lying in my darling's grave."

That was what the smile meant.

When he went back to the Manor-house, Viola, deeply compassionating his quiet grief, brought his son to him, thinking there might be some consolation in the little one's love. Churchill kissed the boy gently, but somewhat coldly, and gave him back to his aunt.

"My dear," he said, "you meant kindly by bringing him to me, but it only pains me to see him."

"Dear Churchill, I understand," answered Viola, pityingly, "but it will be different by-and-by."

"Yes," said Churchill, with that wintry smile, "it will be different by-and-by."

He had received Justina's letter—a noble letter, assuring him of her unwillingness to impoverish him, or to lessen his position as lord of the manor.

"Give me any share of your fortune which you think right and just," she wrote. "I have no desire for wealth or social importance. The duties of a large estate would be a burden to me; give me just sufficient to secure an independent future for myself and the gentleman who is to be my husband, and keep all the rest."

Churchill re-read this letter to-day, calmly, deliberately. It had reached him at a time when Madge's life still trembled in the balance, when there was still hope in his heart. He had not been able to give the letter a thought. To-day he answered it. He wrote briefly but firmly:

"Your letter convinces me that you are good and generous," he began, "and though I ask and can accept nothing for myself, it emboldens me to commit the future of my only son to your care. I surrender Penwyn Manor to you freely. Be as generous as you choose to my boy. He is the last male representative of the family to which you claim to belong, and he has good blood on both sides. Give him the portion of a younger son, if you like, but give him enough to secure him the status of a gentleman. His grandfather, Sir Nugent Bellingham, and his aunt, Miss Bellingham, will be his natural guardians."

This was all. It was growing dusk as Churchill sealed this letter in its black-bordered envelope—soft gray autumn dusk. He went down to the hall, put the letter in the post-bag, and went out into the shrubbery which screened the stables from the house.

There had been gentle showers in the afternoon, and arbutus and laurel were shining with rain-drops. The balmy odor of the pines perfumed the cool evening air. Those showers had fallen upon her grave, he thought—that grave which should soon be re-opened.

He opened a little gate leading into the stable yard. The place had a deserted look. The men were all in the house eating and drinking, and taking their dismal enjoyment out of this time of mourning. No one expected horses or carriages to be wanted on the day of a funeral. A solitary underling was lolling across the half door of the harness-room, smoking the pipe of discontent. He recognized Churchill and came over to him.

"Shall I call Hunter, Sir?"

"No, I want to get a mouthful of fresh air on the moor, that's all. You can saddle Tarpan."

A gallop across the moor was known to be the Squire's favorite recreation, as Tarpan was his favorite steed.

"He's very fresh, Sir. You haven't ridden him for a good bit, you see, Sir," remonstrated the underling, apologetically.

"I don't think he'll be too fresh for me. He has been exercised, I suppose."

"Oh yes, Sir," replied the underling, sacrificing his love of truth to his fidelity as a subordinate.

"You can saddle him, then. You know my saddle?"

"Yes, Sir. There's the label hangs over it."

Churchill went into the harness-room, and while the man was bringing out Tarpan, put on a pair of hunting spurs, an unnecessary proceeding, it would seem, with such a horse as Tarpan, which was more prone to need a heavy hand on the curb than the stimulus of the spur. The bay came out of his loose box looking slightly mischievous, ears vibrating, head restless, and a disposition to take objection to the pavement of the yard, made manifest by his legs. The Squire paid no attention to these small indications of temper, but swung himself into the saddle and rode out of the yard, after divers attempts on Tarpan's side to back into one of the coach-houses, or do himself a mischief against the pump.

"I never see such a beast for trying to spile his money value," mused the underling when horse and rider had vanished from his ken. "He seems as if he'd take a spiteful pleasure in laming hisself, or taking the bark off to the tune of a pony."

Away over the broad free stretch of the gray moor-land rode Churchill Penwyn. There had been plenty of rain of late, and the short turf was soft and springy. The horse's rapture burst forth in a series of joyful snorts as he felt the fresh breeze from the broad salt sea, and stretched his strong limbs to a thundering gallop.

Past the trees that he had planted, far away from the roads that he had made, went the Squire of Penwyn, up to the open moor-land above the sea, the wide gray waters facing him with their fringe of surf, the darkening evening sky above him, and just one narrow line of palest saffron yonder where the sun had gone down.

Even at that wild pace, earth and sea flying past him like the shadows of a magic lantern, Churchill Penwyn had time for thought.

He surveyed his life, and wondered what he might have made of it had he been wiser. Yes, for the crime by which he had leaped at once into possession of his heart's desires seemed to him now an act of folly, like one of those moves at chess which, lightly considered, point the way to speedy triumph, and whereby the rash player wrecks his game.

He had won wife, fortune, position, and lo! in little more than two years the knowledge of his crime had slain that idolized wife, and an undreamed of claimant had arisen to dispute his fortune.

The things he had grasped at were shadows, and like shadows had departed.

"After all," he said to himself, summing up the experience of his days, "a man has but one power over his destiny—power to make an end of the struggle at his own time."

He had ridden within a few yards of the cliff. His horse turned and pulled landward desperately, as if not relishing the position.

"Very well, Tarpan, we'll have another stretch upon the turf."

Another gallop, wilder than the last, across the undulating moor, a sudden turn seaward again, a plunge of the spurs deep into the quivering sides, and Tarpan is thundering over the turf like a mad thing, heedless where he goes, unconscious of the precipice before him, the rough rock-bound shore below, the wild breath of the air that meets his own panting breath and almost strangles him. He flies like a creature possessed of devils, furiously as those swine that were driven down into the sea.

Sir Nugent Bellingham waited dinner for his son-in-law, sorely indifferent whether he ate or fasted, but making a feeble show of customary hours and household observances. Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten o'clock, and no sign of Churchill Penwyn. Sir Nugent went up to Viola's room. It was empty, but he found his daughter in the room which had so lately been tenanted by the dead, found her weeping upon the pillow where that pale, still face had lain.

"My dear, it is so wrong of you to give way like this."

A stifled sob, and a kiss upon the father's trembling lips.

"Dear papa, you can never know how I loved her."

"Every one loved her, my dear. Do you think I do not feel her loss? I have seen so little of her since her marriage. If I had but known. I'm afraid I've been a bad father."

"No, no, dear. You were always kind, and she loved you dearly. She liked to think that you were happy among pleasant people. She never had a selfish thought."

"I know it, Viola. And she was happy with her husband? You are quite sure of that?"

"I never saw two people so utterly united, so happy in each other's devotion."

"Yet he seemed to take his loss very quietly."

"His grief is all the deeper for being undemonstrative."

"Well, I suppose so," sighed Sir Nugent. "Yet I should have expected to see him more cut up. Oh, by-the-way, I came to you to ask about him. Have you any idea where he has gone? He may have told you perhaps?"

"Where has he gone, papa? Isn't he at home?"

"No. I waited dinner for an hour and a half, and went in alone, learning that you were too ill to come down, and ate a cutlet. It was not very polite of him to walk off without leaving any information as to his intentions."

"I can't understand it, papa. He may have gone to town on business perhaps. He went away suddenly just before—before my dearest was taken ill—went one day and came back the next."

"Humph!" muttered Sir Nugent; "rather unmannerly."

There was wonderment in the house that night as the hours wore on and the master was still absent—wonderment most of all in the stables, where Tarpan's various vices were commented upon.

Scouts were sent across the moors, but the night was dark, the moors wide, and the scouts discovered no trace of horse or rider.

Sir Nugent rose early next morning, and was not a little alarmed at hearing that his son-in-law had not returned, and had gone out the previous evening for a ride on the moor.

The one possibility remained that he had changed his mind, ridden into Seacomb, and left Tarpan at one of the hotels while he went on by the train which left Seacomb for Exeter at seven o'clock in the evening. He might have taken it into his head to sleep at Exeter, and go on to London next morning. A man distraught with grief might be pardoned for eccentricity or restlessness.

The day wore on, as the night had done, slowly. Viola roamed about the silent house, full of dreariest thoughts, going to the nursery about once every half hour to smother little Nugent with tearful kisses.

Sir Nugent telegraphed to his son-in-law at three clubs, thinking to catch him at one of the three if he were in London.

The day wore on to dusk, and it was just about the time when Churchill had gone to the stables in quest of Tarpan. Viola was standing at one of the nursery windows looking idly down the drive, when she saw a group of men come round the curve of the road, carrying a burden in their midst. That one glance was enough. She had heard of the bringing home of such burdens—from the hunting field, or from some pleasure jaunt on sea or river.

There was no doubt in her mind, only a dreadful certainty. She rushed from the room without a word, and down to the hall, where her father appeared at the same moment, summoned by the loud peal of the bell.

Some farm laborers, collecting sea-weed on the beach, had found the Squire of Penwyn, crushed to death among the jagged rocks, his horse above him.

The trampled and broken ground above showed the force of the shock when horse and rider went down over the sharp edge of the cliff.

A fate so obvious required no explanation. Mr. Penwyn had gone for his gallop across the moor, as he had announced his intention of doing, and, betrayed by the thickening mists of an autumnal evening, his brain more or less enfeebled by the grief and agitation he had undergone, he had lost ken of that familiar ground, and had galloped straight at the cliff. The only curious circumstance in the whole business was the Squire's use of his spur, a punishment he had never been known to inflict upon Tarpan before that fatal ride. This was commented upon in the stable, and formed the subject of various nods and significant shoulder shrugs, finally resulting in the dictum that the Squire had been off his head, poor chap, after losing his pretty wife.

So, after an inquest and verdict of accidental death, Madge Penwyn's early grave was opened, and he who had loved her with an unmeasured love was laid beside her in that last resting-place.

* * * * * *

Justina did not deprive little Nugent of his too early inherited estate. A compromise was effected between the infant's next friend, Sir Nugent Bellingham, and Justina's next friend, Mr. Clissold, and the baby squire kept his land and state, while Justina became proprietress of the mines, the royalties from which, according to Messrs. Pergament, were worth three thousand a year. Great was the excitement in the Royal Albert Theatre when the young lady who had made so successful a *début* in *No Cards* left the stage forever, on her inheritance of a fortune.

There was a quiet wedding one November morning, in a quiet Bloomsbury church—a wedding at which Mathew Elgood gave the bride away, and Martin Trevanard was best man—a quiet but not less enjoyable wedding-breakfast in the Bloomsbury lodging, and then a parting at which Mr. Elgood, affected at once by grief and Moselle, wept copiously.

"It's the first time you've been parted from your adopted father, my love," he sobbed, "and he'll find it a hard thing to live without you. Take her, Clissold; there never was a better daughter—and as the daughter, so the wife. She's a girl in a thousand. 'Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think, that e'er the sun shone bright on.' God bless you both. Excuse an old man's tears. They won't hurt you."

And so, with much tenderness on Justina's side, they parted. The bride and bridegroom drove away to the Charing Cross station, on the first stage of their journey to Rome, where they were to stay till the end of January. There had been a still sadder parting for Justina that morning with the invalid at Hampstead, where the bride had spent the hour before her wedding. Muriel had kissed her and blessed her, and admired her in her pretty white dress, and so they had parted, between smiles and tears.

When they were comfortably seated in the railway carriage, traveling express to Dover, Humphrey took an oblong parcel out of his pocket, and put it into Justina's lap.

"Your wedding present, love."

"Not Jewels, I hope, Humphrey."

"Jewels!" he cried, with a laugh. "How should a pauper give jewels to the proprietress of flourishing tin mines! That would be taking diamonds to Golconda. 'I give thee all, I can no more,' etc., etc. 'If not my lute, I offer you my lyre.'"

She tore open the package, with a puzzled look.

It was a small octavo volume, bound in ivory, with an antiqe silver clasp, and Justina's monogram in silver set with rubies—a perfect gem in the way of book-binding.

"Do not suppose that I esteem the contents worthy the cover," said Humphrey, laughing. "The cover is a tribute to you."

"What is it, Humphrey?" asked Justina, turning the book over and over, too fascinated with its outward seeming to open it hastily. "A Church Service?"

"When one wants to know the contents of a book one generally looks inside."

She opened it eagerly.

"A Life Picture!"

"Oh, how good of you to remember that I liked this poem!" cried Justina.

"It would be strange if I forgot your liking for it, dearest. Do you remember your speculations about the poet?"

"Yes, dear, I remember wondering what he was like."

"Would you be very much surprised if you heard that he is the image of me?"

"Humphrey!"

"I have given you the only wedding gift I had to offer, love—the first-fruits of my pen."

"Oh, Humphrey, is it really true? Have I married a poet?"

"You have married something better, dear; an honest man, who loves you with all his strength, his heart, and mind."

* * * * * *

Three years later and Humphrey's fame as a poet is an established fact, a fact that grows and widens with time. Humphrey and Justina have made themselves a summer home, a house of the Swiss chalet order, near Borcel End, in which ancient homestead Muriel lives her quiet life, her father's placid companion, harmless, tranquil, only what Phœbe the house-maid calls "a little odd in her ways."

Justina and Viola Bellingham are fast friends, much to the delight of Martin Trevanard, who contrives somehow to be always at hand during Viola's visits to the chalet—who breaks in a pair of Iceland ponies for that lady's phaeton, and makes himself generally useful. Mr. and Mrs. Clissold have set up their nursery by this time—an institution people set up with far less consideration than they give to the establishment of a carriage and pair, but which is the more costly luxury of the two—and nurses and babies at the chalet are sworn allies with the young squire and his nurse from the Manor-house, where Viola is mistress, Sir Nugent Bellingham coming to Cornwall once in three months for a week or so, yawning tremendously all the time, looking at accounts which he doesn't in the least understand, and going back to his clubs and the stony-hearted streets with infinite relief.

Happy summer-tides for the young married people, for the children, for the lovers! Sweet time of youth and love and deep content, when the glory and the freshness of a dream shineth verily upon this work-a-day world.

THE END.

OMNIBUSES.

These useful vehicles trace back as far as the year 1662, when Louis XIV. authorized a line of them for the special benefit of the middle classes. A company was forthwith formed for working the new system, with the Duc de Roanes and other peers at its head, and in a short time seven omnibuses started, each constructed to hold eight people. The terms of concession to the company provided that they should run at fixed hours, whether full or empty, to and from different quarters of the city, for the benefit of the infirm and those engaged in lawsuits, as well as for all who could not afford to hire a carriage. But before long the new conveyances were diverted from their original purpose and became extremely fashionable. The Grand Monarque traveled in one to St. Germain, and his example being followed by the aristocracy generally, the class for whose benefit they had been introduced were completely excluded. This fashionable whim appears, however, to have lasted only a short time, followed by the failure of the company, owing to the subsequent refusal of the poorer classes to patronize the new vehicles. Nothing more was seen of omnibuses in the French capital until 1828, when they were again introduced by a leading banker, who made a large fortune out of the speculation. It was not until two years after this date that they made their first appearance in the London streets, when two were started by an enterprising citizen, running between the Bank and the western extremity of the New Road. These ponderous vehicles carried twenty-two passengers inside, the fare being one shilling for the entire distance. But in some respects they appeared to have been greatly superior to the modern omnibus. The first conductors were sons of gentlemen, and the periodicals of the day were provided gratis by the proprietors for passengers to read *en route*.

THE MONT-DE-PIÉTÉ, PARIS.

This institution, originally founded to protect poor people from the exactions of usurers, is something like a savings-bank, for it receives small sums from any one who is willing to lend upon its security, for which interest is paid at from three to five per cent. There is the central office, and twenty-four minor ones in different parts of the city, and, to avoid embarrassment, there are always two departments: in the first jewelry and small valuable articles are pawned, and in the second every diversity of goods.

It may be generally supposed that the work of the Mont-de-piété would be much increased when a commercial crisis takes place, when the workmen are in want, or politics disarranges the ordinary course of events. Nothing of the kind: it is the banker of all the little shop-keepers and trades in Paris, and its surest and most numerous customers want money when they can turn it over most quickly. January and July are the times when the greatest activity takes place, and also during the month of December, when the makers of toys and fancy articles are preparing for opening their stalls on the boulevards for those who purchase New-Year's gifts. They bring every thing of value which is not wanted immediately and pledge it, and with the money they receive purchase the materials for making the tasteful boxes, toys, and sweetmeats which prove so attractive to the thousands who crowd the boulevards during the three days' sale. When this is ended the articles are taken out of the office with great punctuality during the first fortnight in January.

The masters who can only keep two or three workmen, and those who possess a small capital, lend to the Mont-de-piété when a bill falls due or the time arrives for renewing a patent. They do not generally pledge their watches, clothes, or jewelry, but the work they have done, which accounts for the immense quantity, amounting to a sixth of the whole, of new goods in the warehouses. Many pledge the materials given by one customer in order to finish the work ordered by another. A dress-maker, for instance, receives a piece of silk for a dress; she is finishing another, which requires the trimming, for which she can not pay; the first piece goes to the Mont-de-piété, and with the money she buys the fringe and buttons required, takes the dress home, and with the payment of her bill releases the other—a very advantageous arrangement, as persons closely pressed for capital can still pursue their calling.

The really indigent classes go very little to this huge pawn-shop, a fact which was proved during the late war. When the English, moved by the sufferings of the people during the blockade, sent over money to assist them, a sum of eight hundred pounds was specially devoted to release the tools of the workmen, who were supposed to have pledged them during such a time of misery. The managers of the Mont-de-piété made this known as widely as possible, for the warehouses contained above a million articles; and how far would that small subscription go when the sum total was so great? Yet it proved to be much more than was needed, for they were only asked to release two thousand tools, and above two hundred pounds were left to apply to other purposes. If real misery had pledged its goods at the Mont-de-piété, no doubt it would have made its appearance, but most of the clients were quite able to redeem their goods when brighter days dawned.

Sometimes those who pledge are in a high social position. About fifteen years ago, before the decree was passed limiting the sum borrowed to ten thousand francs, a lady of title, belonging to some of the most illustrious families in France, pledged in one day some sets of new jewels to the amount of fifty thousand francs. Soon after the managers were much surprised to hear from the police, not believing that any one of so high a rank could be implicated in a nefarious transaction. It was, however, the case: using her own name, which gave confidence to the jewelers, she had got the gems on credit, and immediately pawned them. The creditors, when tired of waiting for their money, and suspecting the truth, applied to the police for a search. No doubt was possible. Numbers of persons of high rank interfered in the affair, hoping to hush it up; but the lady had no more money, having quickly spent what she had got, and her family refused to pay it for her. Justice had to be called in, when the affair was arrested as if by enchantment. The prefect of police had spoken of it to the Emperor, who gave a check to pay for the articles and return them to the real owners. The most curious part of the affair was that the Emperor, deceived by the name, thought he was saving from disgrace the wife of a man who was in strong opposition to his government.

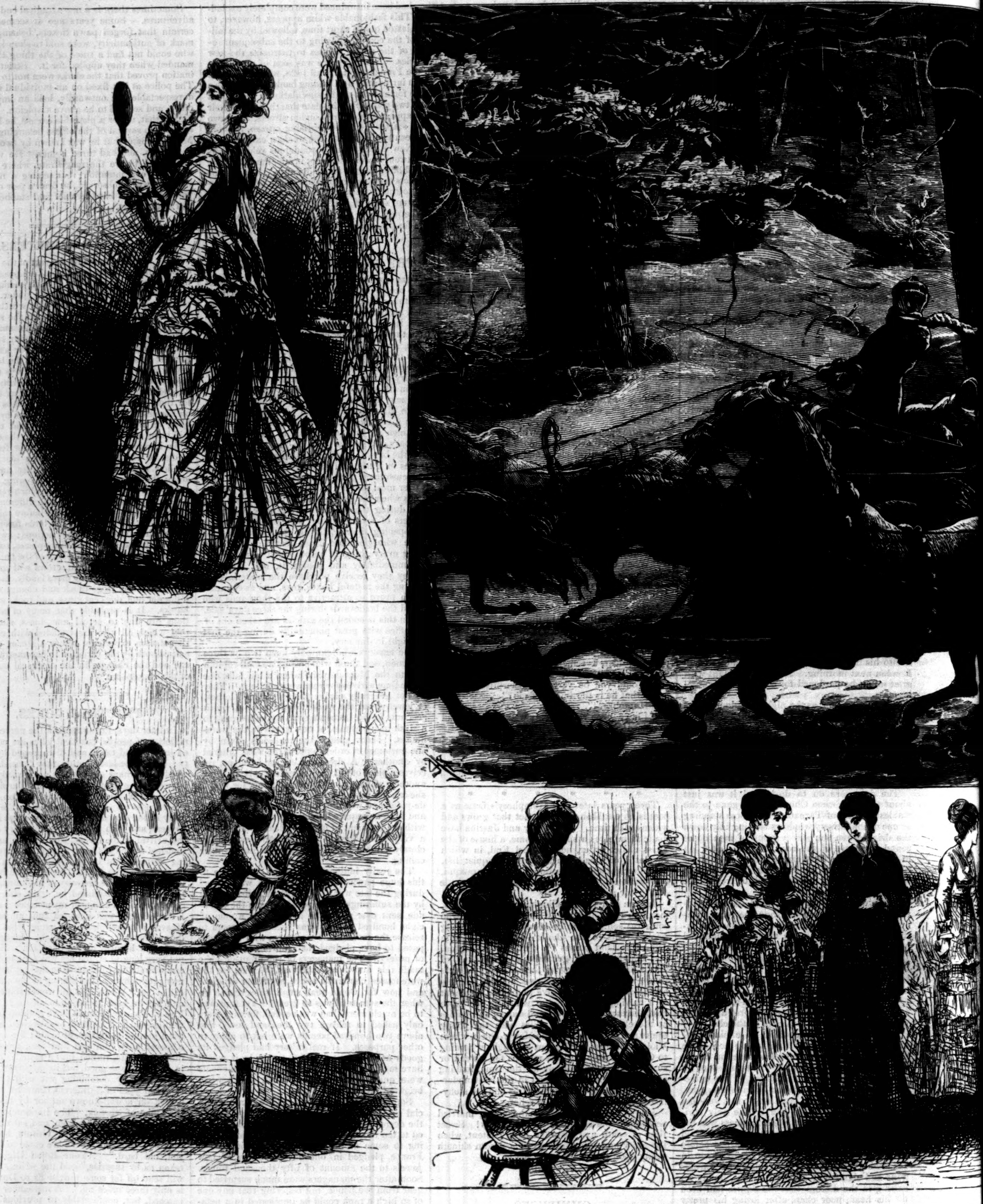
Sometimes there is a more tragical end to such adventures. Some years ago it seemed quite certain that forged pawn tickets, bearing every mark of authenticity, were sold to shop-keepers, who could not find a trace of the thing they demanded when they applied for it. Strict examination proved that the clerks were not to blame. The police at last fixed on an individual who led a respectable life outwardly, held an important office, and seemed to be above suspicion. It appeared that, under a plausible excuse, he had the *entrée* into several of the offices belonging to the Mont-de-piété, that he was known by two different names, and had three homes. He was arrested, led before the magistrate, where he denied any evil intention; but seizing a moment when he was unobserved, he drew a pair of compasses from his handkerchief and stabbed himself to the heart.

NATURE'S BAROMETERS.

Certain movements on the part of the animal creation before a change of weather appear to indicate a reasoning faculty. Such seems to be the case with the common garden spider, which, on the approach of rainy or windy weather, will be found to shorten and strengthen the supporting guys of his web, lengthening the same when the storm is over. There is a popular superstition in England that it is unlucky for an angler to meet a single magpie, but two of the birds together are a good omen. The reason is that the birds foretell the coming of cold or stormy weather, and then, instead of their searching for food for their young in pairs, one will always remain on the nest. Sea-gulls predict storms by assembling on the land, as they know that the rain will bring earth-worms and larvæ to the surface. This, however, is merely a search for food, and is due to the same instinct which teaches the swallow to fly high in fine weather, and skim along the ground when foul is coming. They simply follow the flies and gnats which remain in the warm strata of the air. The different tribes of wading birds always migrate before rain, likewise to hunt for food. Many birds foretell rain by warning cries and uneasy actions; swine will carry hay and straw to hiding-places, oxen will lick themselves the wrong way of the hair, sheep will bleat and skip about, crows will gather in crowds, crickets will sing more loudly, flies come into the house, frogs croak and change color to a dingier hue, dogs eat grass, and rooks soar like hawks. It is probable that many of these actions are due to actual uneasiness, similar to that which all who are troubled with corns or rheumatism experience before a storm, and are caused both by the variation in barometric pressure and the changes in the electrical condition of the atmosphere.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

In later days, fortunately for the nerves of the majority of people, practical jokes are considered in very bad taste, and discouraged by society; but in the last century they flourished like weeds. Perhaps our readers are already familiar with the exploit of the famous Turpin, who, entering a tavern yard on one occasion, slipped the harness off an ass, and sending the animal away in the care of a confederate, crept into the harness, and with unblushing effrontery awaited the arrival of the owner, who was naturally astonished to find his beast gone and a man standing harnessed in its gear. Still more was he amazed when he heard Turpin devoutly thanking Heaven for the recovery of his human shape. "At length," exclaimed he, "my sins are forgiven me, and the time of my penance is expired. I sinned, and was changed into an ass; but Heaven is merciful, and its anger does not endure forever." Saying which, Turpin threw down his harness and walked off. However, not very long after, the ass was sent to be sold, and who should come into the market but its former proprietor. After staring at the animal, he called out, "What! has the wretch sinned again, and has he been turned into an ass? For the love of Heaven, friends, have nothing to say to that animal! The brute has deceived me once, but I am not to be caught again; for, look you, whoever buys him will find him, some day or other, as I did, turned into a man." The joke in this case was good, but its originator profited by it, cleverly combining wit with profit. A practical joke of a different character was once played on a well-known author by his patron, the Duke of Norfolk. The impecunious writer was surprised in his garden, and surrounded by a number of distinguished visitors, headed by the duke, who said, "We are come to dine with you, old bard." "Your Royal Highness has taken us by surprise," said the writer, "but we will send off for some provisions to Dorking; it is only three miles off." A messenger was dispatched, but, conformably to previous instructions, intercepted, and a walk in the garden being proposed, the author was detained in conversation while the servants were setting out the table and arranging the banquet. All this time the author was suffering the agonies of a host who, though on hospitality intent, was conscious of the emptiness of his larder, and on the anxious look-out for the arrival of the basket laden with supplies from Dorking. Presently the dinner was announced. The author entered the dining-room, profusely apologizing as he went. To his great surprise, the table was spread bountifully with fish, hams, fowl, venison, and pastry, terminating in a sublime round of boiled beef. "A most ingenious and well-executed device!" said the relieved author, who was something of a gourmand. "The joke, however, is not at my expense;" and he sat down and heartily enjoyed himself.



THE NEW-YEA

WOULD you like to hear the story how we went sleighing one night,
When the frozen earth was flooded with the moon's soft silvery light,
And the snow-king spread out his ermine the bare brown earth to hide,
And icicles gleamed like the jewels upon the breast of a bride?

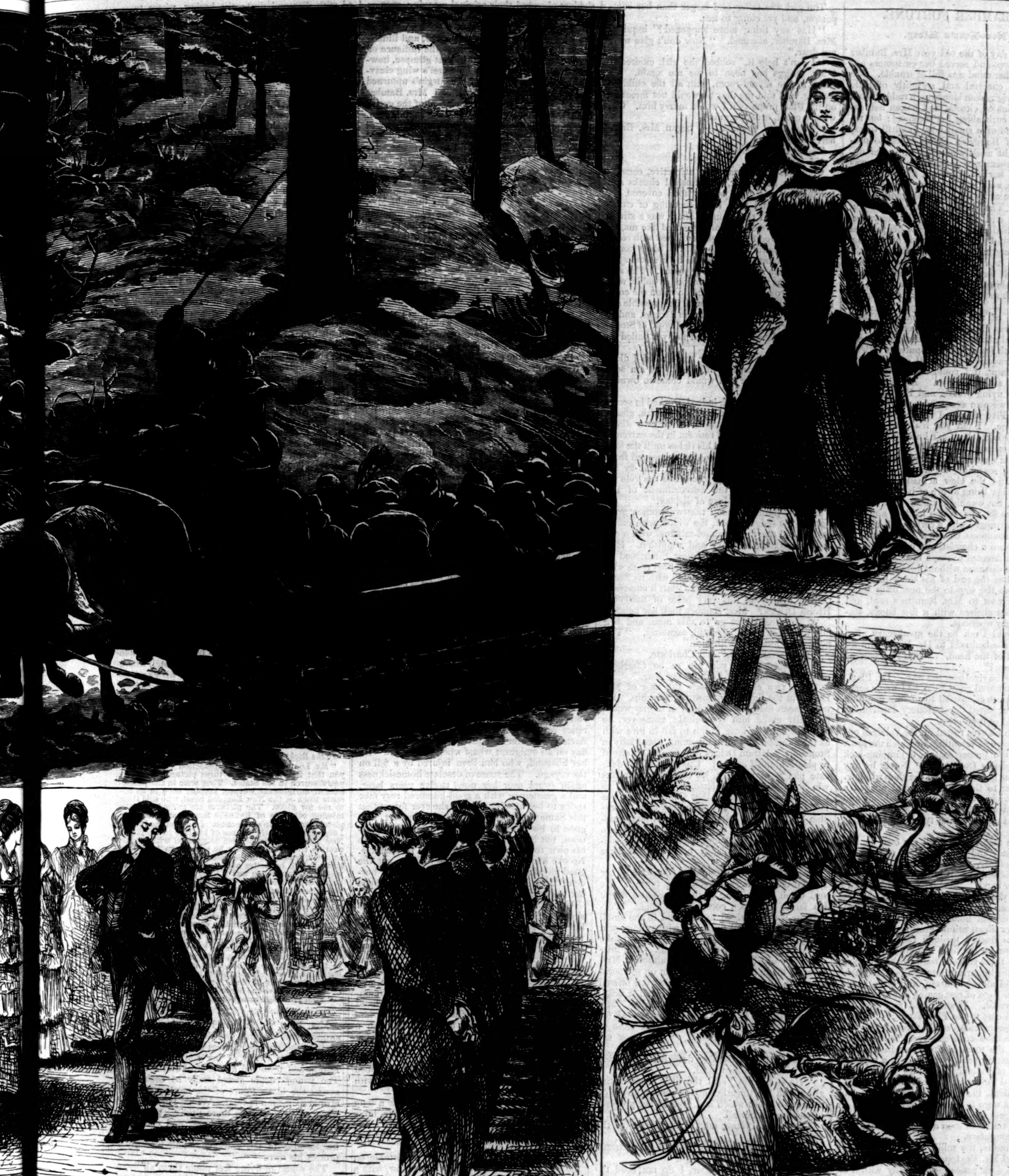
We were such a merry party, just twenty, I think, in all.
Tom was the first to propose it, when the snow began to fall;
It was he that made the arrangements, and ordered just one large sleigh,
But somebody else thought he would like to go in another way.

Somebody else was Charlie; yes, Charlie. You needn't smile:
It was ever so many years ago, but it seems such a little while.
Charlie, my darling husband, the noblest and best of men—
Charlie, my love, my hero: but I had not a thought of it then.

He came to the house in the morning, and asked me if I would ride
With him in the little cutter, all alone by his side;
Harry and Lou, he told me, intended to go in that way,
And he thought we would like it better than with the rest in the sleigh.

And then I couldn't help blushing, for they were engaged, you know,
And I thought it might not be proper, but I wanted so much to go
Alone in the cutter with Charlie that I put my hand in his,
And he held it a moment so gently, then gave it back with a kiss.

And when it was time to get ready—it was silly, I must confess,
But I thought the evening would never come, and when I went up to dress
I think I stood by the mirror perhaps for an hour or more,
And I wondered if Charlie would praise me, and like the dress I wore.



YEA LEIGH-RIDE.

I was standing upon the staircase when I heard them let him in,
Wrapped in a warm fur mantle, muffled up to my chin;
But when he put me into the sleigh, what he said I won't repeat,
As he settled the robes around me and tucked them under my feet.

We nodded and smiled at Jack Frost, and laughed as the cold wind blew;
With Harry and Lou behind us, over the snow we flew.
I thought that I should be frightened when the horse began to run,
But I knew I was safe with Charlie, and rather enjoyed the fun.

So we passed the rest of the party, who went in the four-horse-sleigh,
And reached the place where we wanted to stop before they had come half-way;
And Harry and Charlie laughed and talked about how the horses ran,
And soon the others came driving up, and then the dance began.

"How often I danced with Charlie?" Oh! that I will never tell.
At the last we had the Virginia Reel that we always liked so well.
Of course you know how to do it—we all stand up in a row,
First couple down through the centre, back, and then dos-à-dos.

After we finished our supper we started for home again,
When somehow the horse upset the sleigh, and oh! I was frightened then.
I was all safe, but Charlie—you ought to have seen him there,
His head 'way down in a snow-drift, his feet high up in the air.

He was up again in a moment, his strong arms righted the sleigh,
And I forgot I was frightened when he kissed my tears away.
And oh! that merry evening was the happiest in my life,
For Charlie drew me close to his heart and asked me to be his wife.

THE BAMBER FORTUNE.

A New-Year's Story.

ON the last day of the old year Mrs. Bamber entered her shop, and served her customers abstractedly, for her mind was full of trouble. She was the most cheerful and sprightly of little women, with bright keen blue eyes, a ruddy bloom in her soft wrinkled cheeks, and flaxen hair arranged in stiff curls about her forehead; but today the demand of a small boy, in shrill tones, for a bottle of Bamber's Drops failed to produce the delight usually manifested by her under such circumstances. Bamber's Drops was the remedy of her late husband for all the ills flesh is heir to, and Mrs. Bamber believed in it firmly with the ardor of a sanguine nature and loving heart. The late Dr. Bamber's star had set in sadness and gloom before an unsympathizing world had consented to take his panacea by the tea-spoonful. As far as the will of one fragile and very determined woman could make the world rescind its objections, Mrs. Bamber had prepared herself for the battle. When the small boy had taken himself off with his purchase, she leaned her elbow on the counter and sighed deeply.

"To think of the Platts coming to this! If Archibald was alive, instead of only his wife! He knew a deal about law, poor dear, and needed to, what with imitators and spurious articles to injure the trade. I would sell out, and give them every penny, if I could find a purchaser, and it wasn't all so sudden. Archibald was grateful to his dying breath, and I'm not likely to forget that we owe every thing to Dr. Platt. Dear, dear! Five thousand dollars, or a foreclosed mortgage. I tell you it's pure spite in that Hiram Driggs; he don't know how to behave himself yet as a rich man."

Mrs. Bamber's gaze strayed anxiously about the place, as if searching for a way out of her difficulties. Did the clew actually lie in her grasp without her being aware of it? The shop was very tiny, but exquisitely neat, and the variety of articles for sale, which made it almost a museum, was arranged with a certain artistic perception of harmonious coloring. The late Dr. Bamber had been a chemist, and one side of the place was still devoted to those medicines which a woman may dispense without being a licensed apothecary; but the rest of his stock had been removed across the way to the new drug store, which was a grief to Mrs. Bamber's soul, and replaced on her shelves with a few books, stationery, and gay worsteds.

"Why should I not be the apothecary after Archibald?" she had said to Dr. Platt, with an energetic nod of the head. "Don't I know as much as Peyton?"

Peyton was the rival over the way. Dr. Platt, a rosy, good-natured gentleman, had made some soothing response calculated to mollify feminine vanity, and suggested the stationery department as a fresh field of usefulness.

Mrs. Bamber's eyes rested on the volumes opposite, a package of valentines in which the town indulged at the proper season, a jumping-jack dangling helplessly from a nail. Never by any chance did her gaze wander to the shop window. She went over to the other side and opened a show-case, which contained fat pincushions and impossible pen-wipers, articles made by old ladies of the reduced gentlewoman type, and presented here for sale.

"I believe that I would sell my own soul to raise the money and help them out of trouble," said Mrs. Bamber, vehemently; and then she took up a pincushion as if in hopes it might turn to gold in her hand. "Pooh! these things have lain here for years. What good are they?"

An aquarium occupied a place in the centre of the shop—a crystal house where silky fibres of sea-weed grew about mimic grottoes, and fish of metallic hues flashed through the waters. A guilty pang smote the little woman at the sight of it. In all these years of hard work and lonely widowhood the aquarium was the only extravagance she had allowed herself, and often would she spend her time of rest gazing into the miniature water-world. If she could now give the money it had cost to the Platt family!

A white gleam came softly through the window from the snow-covered street; winter seemed to muffle the town of Stoneport in a mantle of silence, setting each household in a separate atmosphere of individuality. Up on the hill, where genteel Stoneport dwelt in large, old-fashioned mansions, the music of sleigh-bells and merry voices were to be heard, but down here on the main street the afternoon fell in quiet cold, deserted by traffic as soon as the sun quitted the narrow thoroughfare.

Miss Simmins, the milliner, peered from her window, and Mr. Peyton, the druggist opposite, polished his door panes mechanically with a bit of chamois leather. The harbor, now dark and wind-fretted, lapsed up to Mrs. Bamber's very back-door. Pirates might have landed and carried her off at midnight, if they had been disposed, although Mrs. Bamber was not daunted by fear of such violent abduction. In the old days piratical crews in rakish craft from the Spanish Main had not been unknown in the waters of this very harbor, and Stoneport had been more intimately associated with the slave-trade than was good for its reputation at a future date. Like so many towns on the coast of New England, prosperity had ebbed away, the bud of promise been blighted by some mysterious fluctuation of commerce. There were those who detected a righteous Nemesis in the decay of Stoneport, and here it was left to crumble away in the sunshine, a moss-grown memory of the past. The shop bell rang suddenly, and a girl entered.

"Oh, Mrs. Bamber!" she cried; and throwing her arms impulsively about the little woman, burst into tears.

The girl was taller and larger than her companion, and yet clung to her.

"Has any thing more happened?" inquired Mrs. Bamber, alarmed. "Now don't give way, my dear."

"I can't help it," sobbed the girl, excitedly. "Mr. Driggs has been to see me again. He came to the school-room, with all the children staring, and told me that he would not foreclose on the Platt property if I would marry him. Oh, what a cruel, cruel bargain!"

"You never promised—" began Mrs. Bamber, breathlessly.

The girl drew herself up.

"I said no."

Charlotte Eaton was very attractive, certainly, even in her anger, with flushed cheeks and tearful eyes. A little scarlet hood covered her golden hair, and gave her something of childish beauty. At this moment there was a stir in the deserted street; people appeared like magic. A sleigh, curved like a shell, and lined with robes of fleecy white fur, drawn by spirited black horses in flashing harness, and driven by a solemn negro coachman in livery, slowly passed. The sole occupant was a small man wrapped in sable, with a keen narrow face, who gazed down on the commotion his splendor excited with irrepressible exultation. This man was Hiram Driggs, and to show himself ostentatiously to his world of Stoneport was a pleasure which had not yet palled on the rich man.

"His mother learned her trade when I did," said Miss Simmins, the milliner. "I am sure nobody thought her son would come to owning every thing."

The elder Driggs had, indeed, worked in secret many years, directing little rills of wealth, gleaned from any humble source, to his own dingy warehouse. Miserly and reticent in the extreme, Stoneport had not divined his riches until the son, now forty-five years old, suddenly emerged from the bondage in which he had been held by his stern parent while living to assume the rôle of millionaire. Hence the astonishment of the town; hence Hiram's love of display.

In Mrs. Bamber's shop the two women grew rigid as the sleigh passed, the widow with indignation, and the young school-mistress with a curious admixture of envy and repulsion. Had she not been urged, nay, almost threatened in all that she held dearest—her plighted troth with Charley Platt—to share the sleigh with its fleecy robes? Might she not save the Platt homestead, indeed, by paying this very price of marrying Hiram Driggs? Mrs. Bamber took her hands.

"Charlotte, let us go to this man, and beg him to release them," she said, earnestly. "You must have influence with him."

"I am afraid to go," said Charlotte.

"Afraid! When you are to be Charley's wife? We must fight for him, my dear."

These two champions saw the sins of Mr. Driggs in the light of intense partisanship. He was a mean man, and the power of money would naturally make him tyrannical; moreover, he had selected Charlotte Eaton to fall in love with as the sweetest and most blooming young lady in Stoneport. Hiram Driggs could certainly afford to please himself at last! Unversed in the delicate phases of romance, he could by no means win a smile from Charlotte, and discovered in wrath and consternation that Charley Platt was his rival. He would foreclose, and take possession of the house. Stoneport saw in this measure only the grasping tendencies of the man who wished to establish a home, while the victims detected revenge. Probably both factions were wrong.

Mrs. Bamber, with trembling Charlotte by her side, presented herself before the tyrant. He still dwelt in the wing of the warehouse where his father had been contented to abide. Perhaps he was chagrined to be found in the small parlor, which he had furnished with yellow satin curtains and sofas, when he would so soon take possession of the house on the hill. The mission was scarcely a successful one, although Mrs. Bamber made herself spokeswoman on the occasion with all possible energy. She even offered up her shop, since Dr. Platt had given it originally, and was laughed at for her pains. Mr. Hiram Driggs was not a pleasant man to ask for favors, especially when he came quite close to Charlotte, and said, harshly, "You know my terms."

After that Mrs. Bamber drew her companion away without another word.

"He is a brute," said the little woman, tingling with mortification at the remembrance of the coarse laugh which had greeted her proposal of yielding up her all.

They met a young man at the corner of the street.

"Take care of her," said Mrs. Bamber, transferring Charlotte to his charge.

"My dear Mrs. Bamber, I do not need the injunction," said Charley Platt, in a voice he strove to render steady and cheerful, as he drew the girl's hand through his arm with an air of tender protection. Charlotte and Mrs. Bamber looked at each other meaningly; then the latter turned away with a little pang at her heart. These two were made for each other, handsome Charley and pale, frightened Charlotte; but how would it be with them if evil in the shape of Hiram Driggs stepped between? When she reached her own door Mrs. Bamber was not only disturbed and distressed, as she had been all day, but thoroughly out of temper. She would have liked to set the world to rights, and had only succeeded in ruffling her own *amour propre* in the interview with a brusque, rude millionaire. Perhaps it was this mood that made her shake her head at the three pictures in her window.

"Oh, there you are! I only wish I could recover the sum your frames cost me. Old masters, forsooth!"

The pictures were small and dark, as if some shadow obscured their original meaning, even as brambles and moss might have overgrown the artist's grave. The sun shot a golden arrow in the window as Mrs. Bamber paused, and illuminated the dim canvas. Perhaps the radiance of revelation reached her soul in that glimpse, however faintly, the gleam of an angel's wing cleaving the sky, the wonder of the Virgin's upturned face; but the sunset faded, and Mrs. Bamber was left to sorrowful contemplation of the garish frames. "Some papist trash," she soliloquized. "Whatever possessed me to get 'em new frames! I shall never see the money back, I'll be bound! I'm sure I would be thankful to get twenty-five dollars apiece, allowing twenty for the frames; and I suppose the pictures are worth five, if they amount to any thing. Nobody will give that, though."

A year before the shop bell had brought Mrs. Bamber from her supper to the contemplation of a thin, cadaverous stranger of the brigand type, wrapped in a cloak, and with a broad hat drawn over his brows. The man was faint with cold, and coughed dolefully; he had no money, and no friends. Mrs. Bamber was not the person to send away such a waif empty-handed. She placed him before the fire in her own tiny kitchen, and made Nanny, her small handmaiden, serve him with hot tea; she wrote a note to the clergyman, who dispensed charity, to find a lodging; and she finally dispatched him with a bottle of Bamber's Drops as a gift. The stranger lingered in the garret furnished him, reserved, a trifle sinister, and only known to smile when Mrs. Bamber preached to him in a language which he but imperfectly understood.

There came a day in rude March, when so many leaves drop from the tree of life, that the foreigner sent for Mrs. Bamber, bequeathing to her solemnly three small pictures set in carved wood.

"They are worth their weight in gold," he had whispered, and turned his inscrutable face—in which there lingered a triumph to the end—to the wall.

Mrs. Bamber had shed a few tears, and carried her gifts home cautiously, as if she held some explosive projectile. The clergyman surveyed the pictures through his spectacles, and chilled the possessor's enthusiasm somewhat by expressing a preference for engravings. He recommended replacing the quaint olive-wood frames with new ones, and exposing them for sale in the window. Clergymen are not always the best financial advisers. Mrs. Bamber's face grew very long when she saw the framer's bill. Stoneport was skeptical of these daubs; besides, the widow asked a fabulous price for them. Stoneport knew a chromo and a modern landscape full of lively coloring, but such dismal things were not to its taste.

The last night of the year closed in sadly. Mrs. Bamber sat long beside the Morning-glory stove in the parlor back of the shop, sipping her tea, in which beverage alone lay consolation. A portrait of Dr. Bamber, representing him as a somewhat wall-eyed gentleman, hung above her, and opposite a cabinet displayed among other relics several skulls prepared by the lamented Archibald. Her thoughts went back to a dreary day on an emigrant wharf when she landed with her husband, who had been injured by a fall on the voyage. The sense of desolate homesickness again swept over her now, twelve years later, and a gentleman with a good-humored rosy face spoke to her kindly. Could she ever forget that this Samaritan was Dr. Platt, of Stoneport, now gone to his reward? He had asked few questions, but had brought the friendless chemist to his own town, and established him in business. No one knew the cost of it all. It was not the good physician's way to make his charity a burden. Mrs. Bamber wiped her eyes as she sipped her tea by the stove, and the night closed in.

Up on the hill the old Platt homestead was shrouded in gloom, and revealed only one dim light in the dining-room. It was a brick house, with white pillars supporting a projecting roof, shaded in summer by large trees, and seemed in the clear crisp evening surrounded by tender memories. Now it was all to be swept away, for the doctor's purse had been ever open, and he had left wife and son in straitened circumstances. The lovers stood in the window, hand clasped in hand, as if claiming a silent mutual support, while Mrs. Platt, a stout lady with a querulous mouth, wandered from room to room gazing at her precious household gods.

"Even little Mrs. Bamber owns the roof over her head, and all owing to the doctor," sobbed the poor lady, taking up a favorite tea-cup with loving touch.

The young son set his teeth and drew a long breath. Charlotte could only lean her brow against the cool pane. If they knew all! The night brought sorrow, but the ensuing day was only anticipated with dread.

Hiram Driggs made himself comfortable on the yellow satin couch of his little parlor, with a decanter of wine at his elbow and a cigar. If conscience is a matter of education, he should have been wholly at ease, but there had been an expression in Charlotte Eaton's eyes as she departed that day which pricked him smartly even in remembrance. This look he might never forget. The wonderful backward glance of the Cenci haunts a world. Lounging on the yellow sofa, he reasoned himself out of these fancies. He would gain at a cheap rate a fine home. Dr. Platt was a reckless spendthrift in his day, and his creditors need not be blamed for that. As for Charlotte, he might make terms with that proud young lady yet. Altogether the evening passed not unpleasantly for him in planning improvements on his new property.

New-Year's Day dawned on Stoneport, bringing joy to many hearts, and striking like a knell on other lives that found their burden greater than could be borne. All nature smiled beneath a cloudless sky; the snow was rose-flushed on the slope, and the shrubbery glistened as if powdered with diamond dust; the harbor, where two schooners rode at anchor, was a deep blue. Stoneport did not keep the holiday especially, although it still adhered to the Puritan belief that New-Year's Day should be sanctioned rather than Catholic Christmas. On the hill the young ladies appeared in pretty dresses of blue and pink, and there were cake and wine on the sideboard should the young men call. The shops were open. At ten o'clock a man passed along the main street, paused before Mrs. Bamber's show-window, shaded his eyes a moment, and walked on. Mrs. Bamber observed him with the habitual curiosity of the resident of a small place. He was an insignificant person in a gray coat, with red whiskers and a round face. That was all. Pale and anxious after a sleepless night, she stood with her eyes fixed apprehensively on the clock. It could not be long before Hiram Driggs would do his worst. The shop bell rang sharply.

"What do you ask for your pictures, ma'am?"

"Five thousand dollars," muttered Mrs. Bamber, abstractedly, still staring at the clock.

What was that? The insignificant stranger in the gray coat had reached for the pictures, and was unceremoniously striking off the splendid gilt frames with his stout cane.

"Mercy! Stop! What are you doing?" Mrs. Bamber ran nimbly to his side and arrested his hand.

"I don't want these frames," said the stranger, contemptuously. "You set your own price, and I will give you five thousand dollars."

Mrs. Bamber sank down on a stool in speechless astonishment. How unreal every thing had become—the snowy street, the shop, the man in a gray coat! Surely Nanny would soon tap on her bedroom door and tell her it was time to get up. Then, by a sudden and not unnatural transition of awakening, she became suspicious and vigilant. Her visitor wasted no superfluous words; his broad ruddy face betrayed not a trace of emotion as he produced a crisp bit of paper, dipped a pen into Mrs. Bamber's ink, and began to write.

"If you are not cheating me, let me see the money," interposed Mrs. Bamber, sharply.

He wiped the pen, restored it to a silver sheath in his pocket, and took up the draft.

"Very good," was his sole comment, and he went out.

Mrs. Bamber laughed hysterically. Would he ever return? Perhaps he was a maniac. It seemed an hour before he returned, and counted out a pile of broad shining gold pieces that made a pleasant clinking music as they fell in a glittering heap. Five thousand dollars!

Still phlegmatic, and apparently unmoved, the purchaser folded the pictures beneath his ample coat, and returned to the Stoneport Hotel, where he was the solitary guest. Once in his chamber his reserve melted; he beamed in broad smiles, and rubbed his hands with a subdued chuckle of triumph.

"Dirt cheap!" he said to himself, and fell to studying the dim canvas with the aspect of a connoisseur. He then wrote the following letter:

> "*To the Right Honorable the Earl of H——:*
>
> "MY LORD,—I have the satisfaction of informing you that I have found the three pictures, after two years' search in the States. They were in the possession of an ignorant woman, keeping shop in an obscure town of the New England coast, who sold them to me for £1000. The pictures are undoubtedly the missing originals of Raffaelle Sanzio, and will complete your lordship's collection. I tracked the Italian, Luigi Carnole, to the haunts of his race in the city of New York, and was obliged to proceed with greater caution from the fact that he appears to have been actuated by revenge in the theft of the pictures. Your lordship will be better able to determine than I am whether this revenge was a loyal attachment to the palace of his master, the duke, and consequent rage at the dispersion of its works of art to foreign lands, or a more strictly personal motive. He made no effort here to sell the pictures as originals to dealers or private individuals, and after a quarrel with some of his countrymen he disappeared, in company with another Italian. Pursuit led me across the plains to the Pacific, where I found the second Italian, a wandering musician, only to learn that he had parted with Luigi Carnole six months before, in the city of New Haven. In the latter place he had lived in poverty and bad health, and I was able to follow his steps to my present locality, where he died. I return to England by the next mail. I have the honor to subscribe myself,
>
> "Your lordship's most humble and obedient servant,
>
> "ALGERNON SMITH."

Mrs. Platt sat in her best parlor, her eyes swollen with weeping, and the curtains drawn to exclude the curious glances of Stoneport. She held fast the hands of her son and Charlotte Eaton, and trembled at the stroke of the clock. The young people gazed sadly at each other across the black figure of the mother, who was attired as if for a funeral. Would Hiram Driggs relent, and give them more time? Was it not probable that he would appear and claim all? The young man could only chafe at his own helplessness in the emergency and inability to protect his own.

The sound of flying feet made them all listen. Mrs. Bamber, breathless and without a bonnet, rushed into the parlor and cast a leather purse down in Mrs. Platt's lap.

"Oh, you needn't count it! I've done so a dozen times already. Here's five thousand dollars, and the house is saved."

Between laughter and tears she explained her unexpected wealth, and restored it to the wife of her benefactor of years ago. Then a shadow crossed her face, just dimming its brightness for a moment. Much could have been done to advance the interests of Bamber's Drops, and place the remedy properly before an enlightened public, with the aid of this money. She plucked Charley's sleeve in the midst of the thanks which overpowered all coherent speech, and said, tremulously,

"You will not forget the Drops when you receive your diploma, will you, Charley?"

"Neither the Drops nor my debt," returned Charley, in an unsteady voice.

Then Mrs. Bamber, through a mist of tears, saw Charlotte Eaton rise, tall and proud, and take the purse from Mrs. Platt; for Hiram Driggs stood on the threshold.

Thus a very humble little woman placed her gift on the altar of the New Year.

HIGHER LIFE OF ANIMALS.

CHAPTER IV.

LANGUAGE.

The possession of ideas, whether they be right or wrong, infers more or less reason in those beings who possess them. Those ideas would be absolutely unknown without some means of transmitting them, and such means we call by the name of Language.

There are several kinds and degrees of language known to ourselves. First comes the spoken language, in which ideas are clothed in certain definitely regulated sounds. Then there is the written language, in which those sounds are reduced to form, and are heard with the eye instead of the ear.

Then there is the language of gesture, which is little employed among ourselves, but in some parts of the earth forms a necessary concomitant to the spoken language, or can be substituted for it. The Bosjesmans of Southern Africa, for example, are unable to converse with freedom when in the dark, the visible gestures being needed to supplement the audible words. This necessity is so great that if they wish to talk in a dark night they are obliged to light a fire.

Among the North American Indian tribes the language of gesture forms an important part of every man's education. There are very many of these tribes, and they all speak different dialects, which in many cases vary so much that they are practically different languages.

Were it not for some other means of communication besides spoken words, no one would be able to converse with another who did not happen to belong to his own tribe. Gestures, however, take the place of words, and form a universal language. This sign-language is very simple, is based upon definite principles, and is easy of attainment. Captain Burton has written an account of the sign-language which ought to be carefully read by all travelers. The language as given by him is easily mastered, and in a few hours an Englishman would make himself capable of conversing with any of the savage tribes of North American Indians without understanding a single word of their spoken language.

We English, in consequence of our physical constitution, which our Continental neighbors are pleased to call "phlegmatic," use gesture-language less than almost any nation upon earth, looking upon gesture in connection with language much as we do upon ornament in connection with objects of utility. Yet even we use it, though sparingly, and almost unconsciously.

That it is natural to us is shown by the untaught and graceful gesture-language of a child, which is able to express its thoughts by gesture long before it obtains the power of speech. I knew a child who managed to express himself so well by gesture that he did not trouble himself to speak a word until after he had completed his third year. His mother was terribly distressed at his backwardness; but, after he found the use of his tongue, he more than compensated for his previous silence, and I fancy that his mother would occasionally have preferred an interval of the gesture-language which had been so distasteful to her.

In maturer years this silent language survives. To take a few familiar examples: The uplifted finger expresses the idea of warning as plainly as if the word had been used. If one person tells another a tale, and his narrative be received with an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulder, incredulity is expressed as clearly and as offensively as if the lie had been given in words. Similarly, the upraised eyebrows express wonder, but at the same time imply belief.

To shake the closed fist expresses menace, and, indeed, such a gesture is actionable at law. To present the palms of the hands toward an object expresses rejection, while the open arms equally express acceptance. There are some ladies who are addicted to the feminine vice of tossing their heads when they meet with any thing which does not happen to suit them at the moment. It is really wonderful to see how much they enjoy it, and how they think themselves to have elevated their dignity together with their noses above the ordinary level of humanity. Their idea is a ludicrously false one, but they certainly express it by their gesture.

Again, words can not express contempt more forcibly than the action of snapping the fingers or turning the back; nor can words be more expressive of veneration than the act of bending the knee. Words are not needed to express devotion when the clasped hands and uplifted eye are seen; while remorse is shown by the cowering form crouching to the earth as if crushed by the weight of guilt, and conscious innocence by the erect body and uplifted head.

Not to multiply further examples which will strike any one who takes the trouble to think on the subject, it is evident that ideas can be conveyed by gestures without the use of words, and that any mode of transmitting ideas is a form of language.

The gesture-language is that which is chiefly used by the lower animals when they wish to convey their ideas to man, and, in its way, it is as perfect a language as that which was employed by the child above mentioned, who did not choose to take the trouble of speaking when he could make himself understood by gesture; and whether these gestures be used by man, child, or beast, they are intended for the transmission of ideas, which are the result of reason, and not of instinct.

Painters would be in a very bad way, if they were not aided by the natural language of gesture. They can not paint ideas, but they can paint the gestures which are expressive of ideas, and so can make themselves as well understood as if they had made use of the written language. Indeed, the same model does duty for all kinds of personages and all kinds of emotions, as long as the gestures can be represented. An old gray-headed, long-bearded man, with his hair tossing in the wind and his hands wildly clinched, represents grief and madness, as personated in Lear. The same individual, with face upraised and a harp on his knee, will be adoration, personified by David. Let him shut his eyes and hold out his hands, and he represents dignified penury in the person of Belisarius. The same rule holds good with sculptors. Man really could not go through existence without a gesture-language, and that language, as we shall presently see, is the common property of himself and the lower animals.

Even among ourselves there is a recognized language of signs, namely, that by which we can exchange ideas with the deaf and dumb. It has been reduced to a form almost as definite as the written or spoken language; and it is worthy of notice that very many of the signs are identical with those in use among the Indian tribes. Thus a deaf-and-dumb man who had learned the sign-language in England would be able to converse with the Indian tribes; while a man who was in possession of his powers of speech and hearing could neither understand them nor make himself intelligible to them, if he were ignorant of this simple code of signs. I have seen evidence taken in a court of law by means of the sign-language, and such evidence was accepted as if it had been spoken or written.

Lastly, there is the language of the eye, by which ideas are interchanged without the necessity of words or gestures. It is essentially the language of idea, and by it spirit speaks directly to spirit, conveying by a single glance of the eye thoughts which whole volumes would fail to express.

There is none so obtuse that he can not understand the fiery glare of anger, the soft beaming glance of love, or the dull, purposeless stare of hopeless sorrow. When the mother contemplates her infant, her entire soul is poured through her eyes, and no language is adequate to express the boundless love which is manifested by the eye alone.

The look of appeal is sufficiently recognizable to be expressed by the painter's art, an admirable and familiar example of which is seen in the two faces in Millais's "Huguenots." Solemn question and equally solemn response can be given in a moment, and without the use of word or sign; and there are those who have known a single glance given and returned change the whole course of two lives.

If animals possess reason in common with man, it is evident that they must be able to interchange thoughts with each other and with man when brought in contact with him. They must possess a language of some sort, by means of which they can understand each other, can comprehend human language, and render themselves intelligible to man. All these conditions are fulfilled in the lower animals, and the inference to be drawn from them is self-evident.

There is one distinction between the capability of understanding their own language and that of man, namely, that they are born with the one and have to learn the other. Newly hatched chickens, for example, understand their mother perfectly well, though they have only entered the world an hour or so ago; they know what she means when she calls them to find what she has scratched up for them, and they know what to do when she gives them warning of danger. They, again, are able to talk to their mother, and even the most incurious must have noticed how different are their tones under various circumstances—say, for example, the little piping notes of content when all is going on well, and the cry of alarm when they have lost their way or are otherwise frightened.

Looking at the nervous system of insects, in whom there is no definite brain, but merely a succession of ganglia united by a double nervous cord, many physiologists have thought that reason could not be one of the attributes of the insect race. Yet nothing is more certain than that they are able to converse with each other and communicate ideas, this fact showing that they must possess reason. As far as we know, the hymenopterous insects, namely, the bees, wasps, and ants, are the best linguists of the insect race, their language being chiefly conducted by means of their antennæ. A good example of this was witnessed by me last summer (1872).

At breakfast-time some pieces of the white of egg were left on a plate. A wasp came in at the window, and, after flying about for a while, alighted on the plate, went to the piece of egg, and tried to carry it off. Wishing to see what the insect would do, I would not allow it to be disturbed. After several unavailing attempts to lift the piece of egg, the wasp laid it down and flew out of window. Presently *two* wasps came in, flew direct to the plate, picked up the piece of egg, and in some way or other contrived to get it out of the window. These were evidently the first wasp and a companion whom it had fetched to help it.

I had a kind of suspicion that when the wasps reached their home they would tell their companions of their good fortune, and so I put some more egg on the plate and waited. In a very short time wasp after wasp came in, went to the plate without hesitation, and carried off a piece of egg. The stream of wasps was so regular that I was able to trace them to their nest, which was in a lane about half a mile from my house.

The insect had evidently reasoned with itself that, although the piece of egg was too heavy for one wasp, it might be carried by two; so it went off to find a companion, told it the state of things, and induced it to help it in carrying off the coveted morsel. Then the two had evidently told the other inhabitants of the nest that there was a supply of new and dainty food within reach, and had acted as guides to the locality. Here is positive proof that these insects possess a very definite language of their own, for it is impossible that human beings could have acted in a more rational manner.

Every one knows that wasps carry out one of the first principles of the military art by always having the gate of their fortress guarded by a sentinel. Should there be danger, the sentinel gives the alarm, and out dash all the inhabitants at the offender indicated by the sentinel.

It is clear that, out of the many hundred wasps which form a full-sized nest, the individual who is to act as sentinel must be selected, and its task appointed. We do not know how the selection is made, but that such is the case is evident; for the rest of the wasps acknowledge their sentinel, trust to it for guarding the approaches of the nest, while they go about their usual task of collecting food for the young and new material for the nest.

As for the ants, some of their performances are absolutely startling, so closely do they resemble the customs of human civilization.

They have armies commanded by officers, who issue their orders, insist upon obedience, and, on the march, will not permit any of the privates to stray from the ranks. There are some ants which till the ground, weed it, plant the particular grain on which they feed, cut it when ripe, and store it away in their subterranean granaries. There are ants which are as arrant slave-holders as any people on earth ever were. They make systematic raids on the nests of other ants, carry off the yet unhatched cocoons, and rear them in their own nests to be their servants.

There are ants which bury their dead—a fact which was discovered by accident.

A lady had been obliged to kill some ants, the bodies of which lay about on the ground. Presently a single ant found its dead companions, and examined them and then went off. Presently it returned with a number of others, and proceeded to the dead bodies. Four ants went to each corpse, two lifting it and the other two following, the main body, some two hundred in number, following behind. The four bearers took their office in turns, one pair relieving the other when they were tired. They went straight to a sandy hillock, and there the bearers put down their burdens, and the others immediately began to dig holes. A dead ant was then placed in each grave and the soil filled in. The most curious part of the proceedings was that some six or seven ants refused to assist in grave-digging. Upon which the rest set on them, killed them, dug one large hole, and tumbled them unceremoniously into it.

In Froebel's work on South America there is a good account of the proceedings of some ants:

"I had several opportunities of observing the manners of several kinds of ants living in the houses. All of them are very inoffensive and even useful creatures. On one occasion I witnessed a remarkable instance of the concerted and organized action of a crowd of them. They were of a minute species, but, by the wonderful order and speediness with which they worked together, and which it would have been difficult to realize with men, they succeeded in performing a task apparently quite beyond their capability.

"They carried a dead scorpion, of full-grown size, up the wall of our room, from the floor to the ceiling, and thence along the under surface of a beam to a considerable distance, when at last they brought it safely into their nest in the interior of the wood. During the latter part of this achievement, they had to bear the whole weight of the scorpion, together with their own, in their inverted position, and in this way to move along the beam.

"The order was so perfect that not the slightest deviation from an absolute symmetry and equality of distances and arrangement was observable in the manner of taking hold of the body of the scorpion, and in the movement of the little army of workmen. No corps of engineers could be drilled to a more absolute perfection in the performance of a mechanical task. According to a rough calculation, there must have been from five to six hundred of these intelligent little creatures at work. Besides those engaged in the transport, none were seen. A single one was sitting on the sting at the end of the scorpion's tail, as if placed there to overlook and direct the whole movements; all the rest were, without exception, at work. The operation may have lasted about an hour."

This scene is an exact reproduction, in the insect world, of the manner in which the ancient Egyptians and Assyrians conveyed their colossal statues to their places. There we see hundreds of men all dragging at the multitudinous ropes attached to the car on which the statue lay, and all pulling in time to the gestures of a single man placed on the top of the statue. The ants, however, had a still more difficult task than the men; for they possessed no carriage on which to lay the scorpion, and were obliged to sustain the whole of its weight as they passed over the ceiling.

In the same work, Froebel has narrated another example of the manner in which ants can combine, and make themselves intelligible to their fellow-insects:

"Another time I witnessed the transmigration of a whole state or commonwealth of ants, from a hole in the wall, across our veranda, into another hole in the opposite wall.

"Two facts struck my attention in this case. The first was that the marching army of these insects, all moving in one direction, consisted of individuals of such a difference in size and shape, that to consider them as belonging to one species seemed very difficult, and the idea of a commonwealth of different insect nationalities was strongly suggested.

"The second was that some little beetles, of the family of *Coccinellidæ*, marched along with the ants from one hole into the other; not quite of their own will, for I observed that several times one of them tried to deviate from the line, but was quickly brought back to the ranks by some of the ants placing themselves at its side. The fact of little beetles, of the very family just mentioned, existing in the nests of ants is well known; but it is of considerable interest to see the fact repeated in distinct climates, with different species of insects of both tribes, and under opposite circumstances."

We will now proceed to some of the higher animals.

The Scotch shepherds, who are brought into constant companionship with their dogs, fully believe that the animals not only understand the words of their masters, but have a language of their own in which they can communicate ideas to each other. So certain are they of this that a shepherd is quite as fastidious about his dog's companions as he would be about those of his own children.

It will be readily understood that in the great sheep-feeding districts of Scotland there is no doggish crime so unpardonable as sheep-killing. As long as a dog can be kept from strange companions there is no great danger, as a colly is scarcely able to master the active and powerful sheep of those parts—sheep which, by reason of their semi-wild life, are able to defend themselves against foes to which a southern fold-bred sheep would at once succumb. But evil communications corrupt the manners of dogs as well as of men, and there is the greatest danger of several collies uniting in their attacks upon the sheep.

Some time ago a couple of shepherds met in a market-place, each, as a matter of course, accompanied by his dog, one of which had been suspected of sheep-worrying. After the manner of dogs, the animals accosted each other, and soon assumed so remarkable a demeanor in their conversation that their owners consulted together on their own account, and agreed to set a watch upon their dogs. On that very evening both dogs started from their homes at the same hour, joined each other, and set off after the sheep.

Here we have a direct example that dogs have a sufficiency of language to convey ideas. The old offender had invited the young and innocent dog to go with him sheep-worrying, and had even managed to tell him the time when he was to start on his expedition. I have not been able to ascertain whether audible sounds were employed by the dogs, but I believe that the language, although perfectly understood by themselves and partly so by their masters, was entirely one of look and gesture.

An event occurred near Leslie which corroborates the story just told respecting dogs and their power of understanding their own language.

A farmer had lost a considerable number of sheep, and so he and his shepherd watched carefully throughout the night for the purpose of detecting the dog which had worried the animals. About the middle of the night they saw a troop of seven dogs making at full speed for the field where the sheep were kept. One dog was evidently the leader, and there could be no doubt that the animals which belonged to different owners had prearranged their meeting, and even settled the time at which they were to leave their respective homes. This could only have been done by means of some kind of language, which, though it did not consist of words, was as intelligible to them as human language is to mankind.

A ludicrous example of the possession of language of the monkey tribe is given by Sir J. Bowring in his admirable work on Siam. During a journey one of his suit fired at a monkey, wishing to secure the young one which she held in her arms. He did not kill her, and the wounded mother retreated into the jungle, carrying her child with her. The rest must be told in Sir John's own words:

"Five men immediately followed her; but ere they had been out of sight five minutes, we saw them hurrying toward us, shouting, *Ling, ling, ling, ling* (*i. e.*, monkey). As I could see nothing, I asked Mr. Hunter if they were after the monkeys.

"'Oh, no,' he replied; 'the monkeys are after *them*.'

"And so they were, thousands upon thousands of them coming down in the most unpleasant manner. As the tide was out, there was a great quantity of soft mud to cross before they could gain the boat. Here the monkeys gained very rapidly upon the men; and when at length the boat was reached, their savage pursuers were not twenty yards behind them.

"The whole scene was ludicrous in the extreme, and I really think that, if my life had depended upon it, I could not have fired a shot. To see the men making the most strenuous exertions to get through the deep mud, breathless with their run and fright combined, and the army of little wretches drawn up in line within twenty yards of us, screaming and making use of the most diabolical language, if we could only have understood them. Besides, there was the feeling that they had the right side of the question.

"One of the refugees, however, did not appear to take my view of the case. Smarting under the disgrace and the bamboos against which he ran in his retreat, he seized my gun and fired both barrels on the exulting foe, who immediately retired in great disorder, leaving four dead upon the field. Many were the quarrels that arose from this affair among the men."

This incident shows clearly the existence of language among the monkeys. Otherwise they could not have understood that one of their number had been injured by the hands of certain men, and so quickly have organized a combined attack upon their foes.